

# Left in Charge



no. 4

CHAS. A. MERRITT

To Charlie Merritt  
From James Hood  
March 1st 1913

CHAS MERRITT

Ossining

N. Y

CHAS. A. MERRITT







"OUT FLEW THE BIRD AND SOARED AWAY."—p. 20.

# LEFT IN CHARGE

BY

JENNIE CHAPPELL

AUTHOR OF "WHO WAS THE CULPRIT?"

And Other Stories



LONDON

S. W. PARTRIDGE & CO. LTD.

OLD BAILEY



## Contents.

---

	PAGE
LEFT IN CHARGE, . . . . .	7
JENNIE'S BIRD, . . . . .	16
WHAT THE RABBITS DID, . . . . .	22
"CRACK ! CRACK !" . . . . .	30
"BENJAMIN BOND," . . . . .	36
PUFF'S ADVENTURE, . . . . .	41
"BOBO," . . . . .	48
STANLEY'S REVENGE, . . . . .	57



# LEFT IN CHARGE.

BY JENNIE CHAPPELL.

---

“**N**OW, children, what shall I do to amuse you?”

Nine-year-old Rachel Harman seated herself with a very maternal air in her mother's arm-chair, or rather on the edge of it, that her feet might be planted in proper grown-up position on the floor. Then she turned up the bottom of her little skirt over her knees, as she had seen her mother do, and smoothed her little apron down, and looked with as much dignity and benignity as she could command upon Daisy and Benny, who were cuddling together on one big hassock at her feet.

Rachel felt very old and responsible that night, for their mother had gone to a town a long way distant to see their father, who was

lying in the hospital ill, and could not get back until very late ; Rachel being left alone in the cottage in charge of her little sister and brother.

"Let's play at horses," suggested Benny.

"Oh, no, that isn't nice for indoors, dear," said Rachel, in gentle dissuasion. "I'll tell you a story!"

"Your stories are done in a minute," objected Daisy. "And you always tell the same one. Let's play at 'mothers,' an' I'll be your little girl, eh? An' Benny can be the father, and you ought to tell me to go to school, and I ought to want to stop at home, and then you get cross, eh? And say you'll tell my father about me, and then you be the gov'ness and come after me, eh? Oh, do!"

"An' I'll have the stick and p'etend to beat you," concluded Benny, making a rush for the article in question.

Daisy had grown quite eager and excited as she sketched out her tempting programme, so that Rachel was able to agree to it, "to please the little ones," without losing a single inch of the height to which she felt her position raised her, though its fulfilment did not involve a very large amount of self-denial on her own part.

All went gaily for some considerable time. First Rachel was "mother," and then Daisy,

and each in turn filled the rôle of an appallingly naughty child to the complete satisfaction of the reigning parent ; while Benny represented the varied characters of father, policeman, School Board " 'spector," and man with a sack for the final disposal of the said unmanageable child, with as moderate an application of the indispensable " stick " as the frequent and urgent demands for it would allow.

" Now let's play at being good," suggested Rachel, by-and-by, with a vague feeling that they ought to quiet down a bit before going to bed.

With some difficulty she induced them to sit upon two separate chairs, with their little fat hands folded in their pinafores laps, and was just going to request Daisy to " say her hymn," when a strange rapping was heard at the door.

" What's that ? " exclaimed Daisy, startled, and slipping off her chair to get behind Rachel.

The little mother's face grew grave and white, while Benny's eyes and mouth alike seemed fixed wide open. A great stillness followed.

" I think it was the wind," said Rachel, with a brave attempt at self-assurance. But even as she spoke the noise came again—tap-tap-tap-tap-tap-tap !—a succession of gentle, even-

sounding raps upon the panel. It was not like an ordinary knocking at the door—that was what made it seem so peculiar ; besides, there was a knocker which anyone might see. What could it be ?

“Don’t let’s be silly !” said Rachel, next. “I’ll call through the key-hole and ask who it is.”

This she did, while the others listened in breathless silence for a reply. But none came.

Rachel returned to the little ones. “We mustn’t be frightened,” whispered the little heroine, trying to keep her teeth from chattering ; “God can take care of us, you know. And mother asked Him to just before she went out, and I believe He will——”

Tap-tap-tap-tap !

“There it is again !” shrieked Daisy, in a paroxysm of terror, for she was a nervous child, and she forthwith scrambled under the table. Ben, who was not nervous, kept on staring.

Again Rachel went to the door. “If you please, what do you want ?” she asked, as loudly as she could, but in a shaking voice.

There was a sound as of something moving outside, but still no reply.

“Suppose it’s some poor person, very tired and ill,” said Rachel, as a new thought struck her ; “or a little child, lost its way, perhaps !”



"SULTAN WAS TUGGING AT HER NIGHT-DRESS."—p. 13.

"They don't say nuffin," observed Benny, doubtfully.

"I b'lieve we ought to open the door and see," continued Rachel. "We don't know *who* it might be." For stories of offering shelter to good angels, or even the Lord Jesus Himself in the form of a poor wanderer, were floating mistily in her mind. "I think I shall!"

Benny grasped his stick, and Daisy pulled down the table-cover wherewith to smother eyes and ears, at these resolute words.

"God *won't* let anybody hurt us!" was the little mother's brave declaration as she drew the bolts.

She opened the door just a crack at first, but a big black paw, and a shiny black nose, soon made the aperture wider, and in walked Sultan, Mr. Barry's retriever dog from the farm half a mile away. He had been lying on the doorstep, and his tail went thumping against the door every time he scratched his back! The children, who knew him well, guessed what it was, now; and how they laughed!

Sultan was made much of between them, and he cast sentimental glances at first one and then the other, as he sat before the fire, and wiped his jaws extravagantly with his long red tongue for every tiniest crumb of the children's supper cake.

"Now we must go to bed," said Rachel,

conscientiously, as the clock struck eight; "and Sultan will stop here and mind the house till mother comes home."

Rachel heard the little ones say their prayers, and buttoned their night-gowns, and tucked them up in the most maternal fashion; then she crept into her own little bed, and all three were soon fast asleep.

She had a queer dream that night. She thought that it was morning, and she heard her mother get up and light the kitchen fire, and the wood roared and crackled and filled the house with suffocating smoke. And then she fancied her mother came to her in bed, saying, "Get up, get up, Rachel!" and pulled all the bed-clothes off her because she did not move.

And then she woke, in strange alarm, and the coverings *were* all off, and the room *was* full of smoke, and Sultan was tugging at her little night-dress as if he would strip that from her too.

The house was on fire!

A hot cinder had jumped out of the bars on the paper "dunce's cap" that Benny in the capacity of "'spector" had provided for the imaginary truant, and this in its turn set light to some other article near it, and now the whole lower part of the cottage was in a blaze.

There was no getting downstairs; they were imprisoned. Sultan ran to the landing

again and again, but the hot flames would not let him pass. Then he ran backwards and forwards in such excitement and distress that the children became more terrified than before, and clung together, almost too much scared to cry.

Suddenly an inspiration came to Rachel; she would open the window and let Sultan out that way, for it was not so very far from the ground.

With some difficulty her shaking hands accomplished this. The dog dashed through the opening and was lost in the darkness below. They longed to follow, but it was too far for them to jump. They crowded to breathe the fresh air, for the atmosphere was growing terribly thick and hot behind them, and at intervals they raised faint little cries for help; but the house stood back from the lane, and few people passed that way by night.

If only mother would come home! That was the burden of their sobs. Little thinking, poor innocents, how powerless mother's arm would be to fight the fearful enemy that was momentarily gaining upon them. Neither—and this was a mercy—did they fully realise the fate that threatened them.

But cheering voices reach their ears; men's forms become visible in the reddened dusk around the burning house.

"You're safe, little 'uns! We're coming!" shouts Mr. Barry from the farm. And a blanket is held beneath the window by four pairs of strong arms. "Jump! Jump! You're all right. Don't be afraid! We won't let you fall!" urge their deliverers. The children jump; Benny first, Rachel next, and little Daisy last, and so all are saved.

"But for that dear, blessed dog they'd have been all burnt in their beds!" cries mother, pressing the precious three to her heart in transports of thankful joy. "The Lord it was who sent him, just as much as if he'd been an angel from heaven; and gave him the sense to go and fetch the people to them. We can never praise His name enough as long as we live."

The kind neighbours made a collection for the restoration of the ruined home, and several rich gentlemen round about subscribed handsomely to the fund, almost as much, I believe, because of the interest aroused by the story of the sagacious dog, as for the sake of the family themselves.

When the house was rebuilt and furnished, enough money was left over to buy Sultan a new collar with a silver plate, on which was engraved the date of his noble deed. And this collar he proudly wears at the present day.

## JENNIE'S BIRD.

BY LUCY L. WEEDON.

---

“WHAT'S the time, mother?”

“Nearly seven, Jennie; shall I put you to bed?”

“Not just yet, please; I'll wait till Tom comes in.”

Jennie was a little cripple, and lay all day long stretched on the rough couch which Tom had made for her out of some packing cases which a kind-hearted grocer had given him.

Tom and his mother were very poor, and could afford no luxuries for the sick child, but Jennie had a happy, contented disposition, and was as pleased with her couch as though it were a handsome piece of furniture, straight from the upholsterer's. Jennie's father had died when she was quite a baby, and her

mother had had a hard struggle to provide for herself and her two children ; but now Tom was old enough to go to work, and Mrs. Daly hoped that the worst of the bad times was over.

Shortly after seven Tom came in, carrying something tied up in a red pocket-handkerchief. He held it up before his little sister. "Guess what I've got, Jennie," he said, his plain, good-humoured face one broad grin of delight.

"I can't guess, Tom ; do show me !"

Then Tom untied the red handkerchief and displayed a small wooden cage, containing a little brown bird. "It's for you, Jennie," said he, putting the cage down beside her. "I thought it would be a nice companion for you when mother and I are away."

"Oh, Tom, you *are* good !" cried the child ; "I shall never be dull any more now. What a pretty fellow he is, and what bright, knowing little eyes he has ! Didn't you have to pay a lot for him ?"

"Oh, not much," replied Tom, "the man let me have him cheap."

He did not tell Jennie that he had gone on short commons for days past in order to buy the bird for her. But the mother guessed, and laid her hand lovingly on her boy's shoulder. She was proud of him, rough,

plain-featured boy though he was. And I'm not surprised that she was, are you, little reader?

How Jennie did love Dick! as she called him. The long, weary hours that she lay by herself were lightened to her by his presence. She had no toys or books to amuse her, but she never missed them, now that she had Dick. She talked to the bird, calling him all sorts of pet names, and Dick really seemed to understand what she said to him, and became so tame that he would come out of his cage and perch on her finger and eat from her hand.

Time passed on, and as the warm weather set in, Jennie seemed much better and could manage to sit up for a short time every day, and Tom and his mother began to think that she was going to get quite well. One day when Tom came in from his work he said, "Jennie, how would you like to go into the country for a day?"

Jennie had never been into the country, and the very idea made her eyes sparkle; so it was arranged that Tom, who had been saving up for a long time past for the treat, should take his little sister the following day away into the country. They were to go by a cheap excursion train. A neighbour's perambulator was borrowed, so that Jennie could

be wheeled to and from the station; and Jennie was so delighted at the idea of the day's outing that Mrs. Daly really thought it might do her good.

Jennie's first glimpse of the real country she never forgot. "Tom," she whispered, "do you think heaven is like this? I hope it is."

"I don't know," replied Tom; "teacher said that in heaven the streets are of gold."

Jennie sighed, so Tom put his arm round her and said, consolingly, "Never mind, perhaps there'll be a little bit of country somewhere up in heaven for the little London girls and boys to play in."

Poor ignorant Tom! who knows? Maybe he was not so very far wrong, after all.

Tom found a comfortable mossy bank for Jennie to rest on, and there, with Dick beside her—for he had been brought too—she lay and revelled in the bright sunshine and cool, fresh air.

"Tom, what's the matter with Dick? it seems as though he were trying to get out."

"I expect he is," said Tom. "You see, he hears the other birds and wants to get to them."

Jennie lay very still for a time, then she said, "Would you mind if I let him go, Tom?"

"Mind? Why, Jennie, you couldn't spare him. You are so fond of Dick."

"It's just because I'm so fond of him that I can't bear to keep him, if he wants to go. Think how lovely it would be if we could live in the country always. I know we can't, but Dick at least shall be happy." And the little girl opened the door of the cage. Out flew the bird and soared away, away up into the blue sky, singing a joyous song.

And little Jennie? Tired with the unwonted journey, and overcome with grief at losing her favourite, though she had let him go of her own free will, she first burst into tears; and then, to Tom's intense dismay, fainted. Tom shouted lustily for help, and a gentleman who was riding past, dismounted and came to see what was the matter. He happened to be a doctor, and it was not long before he restored Jennie to consciousness. Then he questioned Tom as to how he and the invalid child came to be there, all by themselves, and gradually drew from him their sad little history. He was wonderfully touched to hear of the sacrifice Jennie had made, and before he rode away, wrote down their address in his pocket-book and told them that he should not forget them.

He faithfully kept his promise, for a few days later a strange gentleman, who proved

to be a friend of the country doctor's, came to see Jennie. By his advice and assistance she was placed in a hospital, and when at length she left it, she was perfectly cured, and able to walk and run like other little children.

The good doctor's kindness did not stop here. He found Mrs. Daly employment in the village in which he lived, and took Tom into his own service. So, now, if you were to call upon Jennie, you would find her living in a pretty rose-covered cottage, with a garden of sweet-smelling flowers in front of it; and perhaps you would even see Dick, for he built himself a nest in the thatch of Jennie's cottage. Far from having forgotten his little mistress, he comes down to her to be fed every day, and Jennie loves him better than ever, for she says she owes all her good fortune to him.

# WHAT THE RABBITS DID.

BY F. M. HOLMES.

---

"I KNOW mother won't like it!"  
"Oh! she won't mind if they don't hurt anything."

"But they will hurt things. Oh, there! they are eating my geranium."

And almost shrieking with annoyance and anger, the little maiden dashed across the lawn after two beautiful silver-grey rabbits that were nibbling her plants.

"Now you are hurting my rabbits, you cruel thing!"

"I'm not; I only took them by their ears. Everybody takes rabbits by their ears. And you ought not to let them out of their hutch. Oh! now they are eating the fuchsia. Go away! horrid rabbits!"

And she chased them from the flower and

all round the garden. Away they went, leaping and frisking, and showing their little white tails, now crashing through the verberna bed and breaking some of the delicate blooms, anon plunging through quite a small forest of mignonette, then pausing to nibble some nasturtium leaves or carnation flowers, and, worst of all, to scratch and scrape holes in the lawn.

The more Laura chased them the more difficult they seemed to be to catch. "Oh! they *won't* be caught!" she cried at last in despair. "Oh, mother *will* be cross with you, Bertie!"

"Well, it's your fault, Laura; you shouldn't run after them so, you make them worse."

"They were eating my flowers!" replied Laura, stoutly, in self-defence.

And again she made a rush at the little animals, which, poised on their hind legs, were nibbling at the leaves and flowers of a choice moss-rose. In their haste to escape from the impetuous Laura they knocked against the rose and toppled it over, for it was placed not very securely on a bank where the lawn descended abruptly to a gravel path. Down it fell, and the stem was broken, and the flowers crushed, for the pot itself rolled on the plant, and the mould was scattered on the neat and clean gravel walk.

The children gazed at the disaster in blank dismay. Their parents were very particular about the garden, which was kept in beautiful order, and they would be sure to be vexed when they saw the broken flower.

"It's all your fault!" exclaimed Laura, sharply.

"It's all yours," retorted Bertie. "You hunted the rabbits about so."

"You should not have let them out at all," cried Laura.

"A little running about does them good sometimes," said Bertie; "and they would not have done any harm if it had not been for you. I say it is all your fault, and I shall tell mother so," and he walked off after his rabbits.

He made no attempt to rush on them hurriedly, but walking up quietly, he caught them directly, without any frisking away or hasty flight on the part of the little animals.

When he had housed them in safety he returned to his sister, who had in the meantime picked up the moss-rose, replaced the pot on the bank, and was endeavouring to scrape up the earth from the gravel path.

"It is of no use," said Bertie. "You cannot mend the broken flower, and you cannot make the path clean. Let us go in and look at our lessons."



“IT’S ALL YOUR FAULT!” EXCLAIMED LAURA.”

A few minutes later, Benjie, the gardener's boy, had occasion to pass the spot where the ruined rose-tree stood.

He stopped and stared aghast at the broken flower.

"Law!" said he, "won't master and missus be angry. They thought so much of this 'ere rose!" And he went closer to examine it.

"Why, Benjie, what have you done there?" asked a stern voice.

"Please, sir, I didn't do nothing," answered Benjie, turning round and finding himself before Mr. and Mrs. Mayhew, the master and mistress of the house, who had come out on their way to dine at a friend's house.

"But my beautiful moss-rose is broken; how did that happen?" asked the lady.

"Please, 'm, I don't know," said Benjie; "I saw it was broken a minute ago."

"And have you no idea how it became broken?" asked Mr. Mayhew, sharply.

"No, sir, not any," answered Benjie, frankly.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Mayhew looked at the boy closely, but they let him pass, for they had no time then to inquire further into the matter.

\* \* \* \*

"Have your rabbits been out, Bertie?"

The boy changed colour and looked across

the table at his father. "No, father," he replied.

"Then how came those scratchings on the lawn?"

The boy was about to reply that he did not know, when his father said, "I do not mean this morning—I mean yesterday. The rabbits or a dog must have scraped up the grass. Are you sure they were not out yesterday?"

It was the morning after the moss-rose had been broken, and Laura and Bertie were sitting at breakfast with their parents. Mr. Mayhew had been walking in the garden, and his keen, critical eye had caught sight of the scratchings on the lawn.

"They were out a little time," said Bertie, hesitatingly; "only a very little time."

He had mustered up a trifle of courage to own a small part of the truth at last. "I thought you would not mind if they were out only a little time, and did no harm," he added.

"But," said his father, "you know that I objected to your letting them run about on the lawn. I am afraid, my boy, that unless you can manage to keep your pets within bounds I shall have to insist on your getting rid of them."

Presently, just toward the close of break-

fast, Mr. Mayhew remarked to his wife: "I think we shall have to send Benjie away. He must have broken the moss-rose, and he won't acknowledge his fault."

"Yes," said Mrs. Mayhew, "it is very vexing; the rose is completely spoiled."

The children gazed at each other in sheer dismay. They had heard nothing of their father's interview with poor Benjie in the garden the previous day, and they had certainly never imagined that their conduct would result in anything so dreadful as this. They rather liked Benjie, and could not bear that he should be punished for their fault. Each waited for the other to say something, but neither of them spoke for some moments. Then Laura burst out, "It was not Benjie at all, father, you mustn't send him away; it was all those horrid ——" and then she stopped abruptly.

But Bertie took up the story at once, and in a very shamefaced way confessed that the rabbits had done all the mischief. It was a most painful confession, and required all his courage to make it, but he felt that he could not remain silent.

He was severely punished, of course, and had even to part with his beloved silver-greys. But he remembered afterwards that disobedience, even in little things, is dis-

obedience still, and may produce great results ; while, if a fault is committed, the best way is frankly to own it, especially if another is likely to be injured by our own foolish conduct.

As to Benjie, he lost the look of anxiety from his face when he learned how he had been cleared, and sought by little kindnesses to cheer the pair all he could.

A few weeks afterwards another moss-rose bloomed on the bank, for the children subscribed their pocket-money to surprise their parents by replacing the flower that had been broken.

## "CRACK! CRACK!"—A TIGER STORY.

BY A. COLLYER.

---

"**A** TIGER, pooh! *I* wouldn't be afraid of a tiger," said Tom Charlton, as he idly swung to and fro on the garden gate. "I'd take that stick of mine"—glancing at a heavy stick lying on the ground—"and give him such a blow with it, he would be glad to run away."

"It might make him all the fiercer," rejoined Jimmy Blake, who had been listening intently; "what would you do then?"

"I don't know," said Tom, thoughtfully, taking up the stick—"wait until he rushed at me, then dodge on one side and whack him again, crack! crack!" and Tom brought the stick down on the gate so fiercely that there was indeed a crack! crack! The top bar broke, the splinters flew far and near, and

Tom stopped, horrified at the mischief he had done, for the gate had been made and carved elaborately by his brother, and his father was very justly proud of it.

"You've done it now," said Jim, gleefully, as he put his curly red mop of hair over the fence ; "won't you get into a row !"

Tom ruefully regarded the shattered gate—the top bar broken clean through, the carving splintered, the green paint scratched, and one of the hinges decidedly loose !

He looked back at the house : he could see his father in the library, reading a paper. Tom could not see his face, but he knew how it would look when he confessed, and how that little stick—kept in the farthest, darkest corner—would be brought out, and come with the horrid *swish*, peculiarly its own, down on Tom's back. The tears came into his eyes. What was Jim chuckling at ? Didn't *he* break the cucumber frame last week, trying to walk between the glass ? And had *Tom* laughed when he was kept in, doing sums ? The world's ingratitude was really heart-breaking ?

"Ha ! ha ! ha !" laughed Jimmy, rolling against the fence in his enjoyment, "your face was enough to make any fellow laugh. What would you do if you met a tiger ? Crack ! crack ! He, he, he !"

"Oh, go away," said Tom, crossly.

Jim looked up, stopped laughing, then put his arm gently round Tom's shoulder.

"I'm awfully sorry, old fellow," he said, gravely. "Can't I do anything?"

"It's no good," answered Tom, gloomily: "I've done such a lot of things I oughtn't to this week. Dad said he wouldn't let me off next time."

"Go up and tell him now," suggested Jim, "and get it over."

Tom glanced back at the stern face. No, he couldn't screw up his courage *just then*. He shook his head.

"No," he said, slowly, "I'll wait a bit. Let's go and spend the afternoon in the wood. Father will find it out before I come back, and then I'll tell him I did it."

Jim had a dim consciousness that to stave off the evil hour thus was foolish, but he said nothing, and running off home to ask permission for his ramble, shouted back to Tom to walk slowly on. Tom, still holding the fateful stick, went down the path that led to the wood.

It was a lovely summer's day. Flowers nodded, and big white butterflies hovering close round Tom seemed to invite his attention. But he noticed nothing; something was telling him he was a coward—he talked

loudly about fighting tigers, yet he hadn't enough courage to face a little stick, and take his punishment like a man; running away instead of owning up. "You're afraid," said his conscience; and even the breeze blew gently into his ear, it seemed to him, "Yes, you're *afraid!* Bah, you're afraid!"

What a long time Jim was! Tom thought he would sit down and wait. How quiet the wood was! Not a sound—the birds had gone to sleep, surely, and only that squirrel away there in the high tree was alive. Should he tell? Should he go back now? Yes; perhaps the breeze would stop then—Hark! what was that? "Jim!" No answer. Tom could hear soft footsteps coming nearer, and heavy, deep breathing. What could it be? His heart beat as if it would burst. The wood was deathly silent—only the squirrel overhead, and those soft footfalls. He strained his eyes in their direction. Nearer, nearer—pit-pat, pit-pat—they were here!

Tom started back with a shriek of terror, for there, in front of him, stood a TIGER—a cruel, fierce-looking tiger, with gleaming teeth and eyes. He was white with fear, his dry mouth stood open, and he stretched out his hands as if to keep the tiger off. A minute passed—two minutes—then the tiger gave a long low growl.

At that growl the spell which had bound Tom was broken. With a cry of despair he took to his heels. Down the green pathways, over bramble bushes, bumping up against trees ran Tom, gasping, choking, and "pit-pat" came those awful footsteps behind him.

Now he was out of the wood, on the path leading to the river. In front lay the ferryman's cottage. If he could only reach it in time! while he had still a little breath, and before his trembling legs broke down altogether. "Help, help!" What was that? A boat—and close into the bank, too—with the long cord, by which it had been carelessly tied up, dragging in the water, and the sun blistering its pretty blue and gold paint. Tom noticed none of these things. The cottage was still some yards off, he felt ill and weak, while the footsteps were nearer, and he fancied he could even feel the tiger's warm breath on his cheek. A sudden thought struck him. He flew down the grassy bank, and half tumbled, half leaped into the boat, which spun round, then drifted out into mid-stream. Tom caught a glimpse of the cruel head and fierce mouth of the tiger appearing above the bank, heard men shouting and running, then the trees on the shore began to swim round him, and all at once he tumbled over in a dead faint. . . .

When Tom next opened his eyes he was in his own room at home. Quite a group of people were there, and his mother, sobbing bitterly, was bathing his head. Then, when things had settled down a little, his father, with his arms round him and a gentle look on his face, told Tom all about it—the tiger's escape from the travelling menagerie, the keepers' search for it, their arrival just as Tom jumped into the boat, and how three had caught the animal, whilst the fourth had gone after Tom and brought him home.

Tom lay quiet, listening silently ; but when all except his father and mother had left the room, he drew his father down to him and whispered the story of the gate, ending with—

"I know I wasn't a bit brave about meeting that tiger, though I boasted to Jim I would be ; but, at any rate, I can be brave about owning up when I've done wrong—and I WILL."

And he did, too, though it was too bad of Jim to say, when he met him next day, "I found your stick, Tom. Why didn't you stop and see what the tiger would have done if you had given him CRACK, CRACK?"

# "BENJAMIN BOND."

*A TRUE STORY.*

BY A. EVA RICHARDSON.



**I**T was funny! He was so very small, and he had such a very long name for such a little dog, so they generally called him Ben.

Now, Ben was not a beauty; indeed, as a great secret, I may tell you he was rather ugly. But then there is an old proverb, which I hope you all know, that says, "Handsome is as handsome does," and Ben certainly *did* handsomely, as you will soon see.

Ben lived in the country, at a little village about twenty miles from London. As a baby he had lived and slept in a stable with an old donkey, and Koko and he were bosom friends.

When Koko stood up, Ben would spring in the air till he reached his nose, and lick him, and give a funny little bark. He was

most polite, and always remembered to say good morning to his dumb friend.

At last a sad day dawned for poor little Benjamin Bond. The people to whom he belonged left the country, and went right away to live in a foreign land, and Ben was given to a friend in London.

Now London, with its beautiful shops, and exhibitions, and all the wonderful things one sees there, is a delightful place in its way, and many people and children like it very much. But Ben did not.

He missed his kind master, and feared something must be wrong that he never came to chat with him and take him out. Besides, he had always been free before, and treated like a dog of sense, and allowed to do pretty much as he liked, and if he wished (alas, that I need record such a thing!) he had chased rabbits and rats, if he could find any, at his own sweet will. And now he had been packed in a basket and brought in a great thundering train to this big town, where there were no rabbits skipping about, with their little white tails in the air, and just ready to whisk into some mysterious sandy hole, into which Ben could never follow, though he sniffed and burrowed in a vain pursuit, till his poor little bones were quite tired. It was terribly sad!

Ben sat in his kennel in the yard, with his back towards the door, and thought.

And as he thought it all over, he found he could do without the rabbits, and even the donkey, but his master he *must* have, because he loved him.

So poor Ben sat alone in the kennel, with his little heart broken, and thought how he could ever find his dear master. And the nice dinners went untasted, and the most savoury bone lay in the yard till the neighbour's black cat stole it, and yet Ben did not move.

Then they took him for a walk in the park, with a long leather leash attached to his collar, and added insult to injury. Ben walked very slowly, and sat down very often, and his new master was terribly ashamed.

"Such a stupid little dog, nothing in him," he remarked, crossly, as he fastened the leather leash round the ring of Ben's kennel and made it quite secure.

Was there "nothing in him"? Ben sat as usual in his kennel till he was sure that he was quite alone, then turned round quickly and commenced to work. Ben had not been thinking all these days for nothing, that was clearly certain.

With one small paw he held the thong firmly, and then began to eat through it with his little teeth. But the leather was new, and

Ben's teeth were old, and first one and then another broke with the effort. Still Ben worked away, nothing daunted. At last he lay down to rest, this time cheerfully.

Presently the dustman came and opened the yard gate.

"It's all right; the dog's tied up," called out the cook. "Besides, he's such a *stupid* little thing you needn't mind *him*."

The dustman came on cheerfully. Suddenly he started. Something had gone past him like a flash, was out of the yard, and tearing down the road at full speed, a small piece of leather leash hanging from his collar.

"Dog's bolted!" called out the dustman.

And then began a commotion. All the household turned out and ran after the dog that had "nothing in him."

But Ben ran on. He meant to find his old master and stay with him this time, and did not intend to be caught. Poor little lost country dog—alone in London!

It was Christmas Eve, and the village policeman was going his last rounds. "I'll just look at that empty house," he said. "It was full enough last year at this time." He pushed back the gate, and walked on over the crisp, white snow. As he reached the house he thought he heard a moan, and surely something moved, just under what

used to be the master's window. He came a little nearer, and stooped down.

"Law!" he said, suddenly starting back. "Why, I do believe it's little Ben. But it can't be; he's in London. I say, Ben! Ben!"

Ben tried to bark a welcome, but was too feeble. He lifted his tired head, and looked at the policeman.

"Yes, it is," said he; "it's Ben, sure enough, though I'd never have known him. He's nothing but bones, and the white snow red from his bleeding feet. Poor little chap, you must have run all the way. Well, it beats me to know how you found the old place."

He stooped, and picked the poor dog up in his arms, and carried him to his own home, and fed and cared for him. And Ben did not turn his back on the policeman.

Next day a letter was put in the country post, which found its way to France, and made Ben's old master vote him the faithfulest little dog in the world, and arrange at once to have him sent over the sea. And Ben recovered, and grew strong once more; and chases French rabbits on a foreign sand-hill, and runs proudly along the road after his master, followed at a respectful distance by some French poodles, who can't quite understand an English terrier.

So faithful Benjamin Bond had his reward!

CHAS MERRITT

Ossining

N. Y.

## PUFF'S ADVENTURE.

BY "JACEY."

---

CHARLIE MORGAN was in trouble ; anyone might have guessed that. He stood aimlessly about, with his hands in his pockets, his eyebrows drawn very much up, and the corners of his mouth very much down. Besides which, though it was now well on in the afternoon, he had not been heard to whistle once since ten o'clock in the morning.

At that hour his father had told him, finally and irrevocably, that Puff must go.

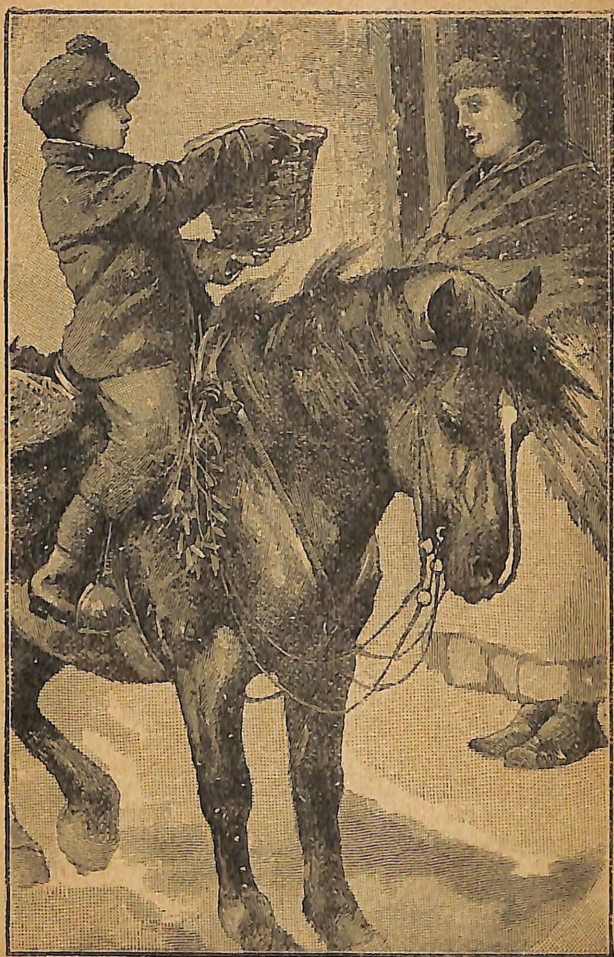
Charlie's mother, after an absence from home of some weeks, had returned at Christmas to find her son in possession of a new dog—the roundest, whitest, fluffiest, funniest, "knowingest" little puppy (if we may take Charlie's word) that ever was seen.

But unfortunately Mrs. Morgan had recently heard of a very shocking case of hydrophobia, and being naturally rather nervous, it had made a great impression on her mind. She was in daily fear that Puff might bite Charlie's little sister, who was not old enough to know better than to sometimes pull his curly hair or his tail; so there was nothing for it but Puff must go.

Charlie had begged, and had induced Puff to beg too, and argued, and cried, but all without avail. And now the how and the whither of doggie's departure lay heavy on his heart. "I wouldn't mind," he said, "at least, not so much, if I knew of a good home for him. But Tom Butler has got a dog, and Harry Ware doesn't want one, and the Wilson boys can't have him because they are going to a boarding-school, and all the fellows I know have every one of them some reason why they can't take poor Puff in. I don't know what I shall do!"

"I'll take him up to Burton for yer, on market day, and lose him in the town," suggested Jim, the stable boy.

Not that I believe he really would have done so. Perhaps he thought he could sell him to a friend, and so pocket a shilling for himself. But you should have seen Charlie's eyes flash!



PUFF'S ADVENTURE.—P. 44.

"Lose him in the town!" he cried, indignantly, "and let him be wandering about and starve? I'd rather—there, I declare to you, I'd rather tie a brick round his neck and drown him with my own hands! I should, at any rate, know the end of him then."

The next day was New Year's Day, and sadly it dawned for Charlie. It was the last day of tolerance for Puff.

"If you don't get rid of him," said his father, "I must."

One of Charlie's errands that morning was to mount the brown pony and ride out a mile or so, with a couple of hampers—New Year gifts from his father, who was a well-to-do farmer, to certain of his acquaintances. At any other time, deep though the snow lay on the ground, such a commission would have given him great pleasure, especially as one of them was for Mrs. Gibbs, the lodge-keeper at the Park, and contained a plump chicken and some rosy apples for her little invalid son. But the thought of Puff's uncertain fate darkened all his sky. Even pleasant Mrs. Gibbs' smile and merry greeting, and assurances of how delighted Johnnie would be with Mr. Morgan's kind present, failed to warm his heart.

He cantered home through the fast-falling

flakes, and for the first time since Puff became his own, no joyous bark or little pattering feet welcomed his return.

"Puff! Puff!" he cried, "where are you?"

But no Puff appeared. Upstairs and down, throughout every room he repeated the same familiar name. Barn and stable and woodsheds he scoured. All in vain. Puff had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared.

Father and mother, grandma and servants, all declared their complete innocence and ignorance concerning the matter, yet where could the puppy be? Charlie, who credited Puff with unlimited intelligence, even thought it possible that hearing his banishment discussed he might, in despair, have determined to relieve them of his presence by running away!

The whole of that day passed, and the next, and next, but nothing had been heard or seen of the little dog. Mr. Morgan seemed rather glad that the difficulty of its disposal had been thus easily solved, but Charlie grieved for his pet by night and day. The snow-storm with which the new year had been ushered in, continued for nearly four-and-twenty hours, and the boy felt sadly certain that buried in one of the deeper drifts the body of poor, lost Puff must lie.

On the fourth morning the sun shone once more, and Charlie, setting out to make in-

quiries, though almost hopelessly, among the neighbours, met Mrs. Gibbs just entering at the gate.

She smiled as cheerily as usual. "I was just coming to thank your father for the nice present he sent," she began. "But what an idea to be sure! I always said Mr. Morgan was the most humorous gentleman I ever knew. I thought I should ha' killed myself with laughing."

"Johnnie liked it, I s'pose?" said Charlie, though he could not exactly see where the laugh came in.

"Oh, dear, yes, he couldn't have had anything that pleased him better. Such a little beauty and so full of antics."

"What?" demanded Charlie, his eyes opening wide, for he did not know whether his ears had deceived him, or if "antics" were a special kind of stuffing for fowls!

"It's so lively you know," explained Mrs. Gibbs, wondering in her turn at the boy's puzzled face. "It amuses Johnnie fine. It's all over the place, and seems as fond of Johnnie as can be already."

"Mrs. Gibbs, what *do* you mean?" asked Charlie. "Father sent Johnnie some apples and a chicken."

Then it all came out. No chicken, but a curly white puppy lay snuggled in among

the hay when the hamper was undone, and Mrs. Gibbs quite took that to be Mr. Morgan's New Year gift to her little boy ; though such an idea had never entered the farmer's mind.

The solution of the puzzle was this : Mrs. Morgan had half-filled the hamper with pippins, and on them laid a quantity of hay. Then she told the maid to kill and prepare a certain chicken, and put it in on the top. But Mary either did not understand or forgot to do what she was told ; the chicken never went in. Meanwhile, however, Master Puff, finding an inviting bed atop of the apples, curled himself up there and went to sleep. By-and-by, Grandma Morgan came to fasten the basket up. She was very dim-sighted, but judging by the weight that the bird was duly packed, shut down the lid, and tied the string. Thus it came about that Puff found a welcome in an unthought-of home, and Johnnie Gibbs received a present that did him more good than a dozen fowls.

Puff still lives at the lodge, and Charlie often sees him. The delight that lame Johnnie finds in the fond and cunning little creature is worth far more than the transient sorrow its adventure cost ; and many a joke he and Charlie have had about the "fine, four-legged chicken" that was sent as a New Year's Gift.

# "BOBO":

## A Story of a Monkey.

BY MARY GORGES.

---

ONCE upon a time—and that time within the memory of the writer—Barnum's celebrated show attracted every one in or near London. And one little boy, in a certain family not far from where it was exhibiting, became possessed with "menagerie fever," so everyone said. It was "May we go to-day?" when Eddy Scott got up in the morning; and a red-letter day it was to the child when he was allowed to go.

He was the eldest, he was the household darling, and he was generally good, so he got his wish pretty often. His younger brother, Dick, and his little sister, finding Eddy so bent on this one amusement, followed his lead, and if the choice were left to them, always asked to go to Barnum's.

Eddy's attraction was a little Brazilian ape, which, being very tame and gentle, was permitted to range freely among the tents. All Eddy's time when he went to Barnum's was spent with "Bobo"; every penny he had went to buy cakes and sweeties for the little creature who took them so gently and gratefully. Who can tell what visions of vanished woods and playmates came back to Bobo with the kindness of his human playfellow, for whom his eyes and his little gestures expressed so much love?

But Barnum's visit drew to a close. Eddy got his mother to promise he might go every day of that last week. And every day he went.

One evening he showed her half-a-crown. It was his own, and he wanted to know would it buy Bobo.

"Buy Bobo! No, dear; nor a good many more. Why, what do you want with Bobo, Eddy?"

"I love him, and he loves me, and he'll fret terribly when he doesn't see me any more."

"Nonsense, darling—monkeys don't fret; and besides, I should not like him about the house. Monkeys are mischievous, and Connie is such a mite, he would frighten her—bite her, perhaps."

"How many half-crowns would it take to

buy Bobo?" asked Eddy, without heeding this.

"A great many more than your father or I could give," answered Mrs. Scott; "and then Mr. Barnum doesn't sell his monkeys."

"When I'm a big man," said Eddy, his blue eyes suspiciously moist, "I'll earn lots and lots of money—silver half-crowns, and gold half-crowns; and—and—I'll have a house of my own, and I'll make Mr. Barnum let me buy him."

Saying which he trotted off; he was "rather fended," as Connie would say.

To her, his little sister, he told his intentions that night; she agreed to save too, so they would have "lots and lots" of money before Christmas day, and a house of their own, and Bobo.

Next morning came—the last day for Barnum—and, alas! Connie awoke with a sore throat. She whispered the fact to Eddy when Nurse was out of the room.

"I'se a defful sore troat, Ed, and I'se tyin' not to tell."

"A sore throat, Connie?"

Eddy was dismayed. Connie's sore throats generally ended in weeks of dangerous illness, from which Connie emerged like a little shadow. "You'd better tell, Connie," he said, very soberly.

"No ; me want 'oo see Bobo aden."

Nurse came back with their breakfasts of hot bread-and-milk, and Connie tried hard to get hers down without wincing. But it hurt the poor sore throat, and Nurse's sharp eyes detected the effort.

"You have a sore throat, Miss Connie." She was put back to bed, and mother was sent for.

Then she astonished them by such a burst of crying as terrified Mrs. Scott.

"She must be very bad, Nurse ; send for the doctor."

But Connie managed to sob out her sorrow—

"Poor Eddy tan't go to Barnum, and he wanted so."

"Oh, my dear, is that all ?" cried her mother. "He shall go if you stop crying."

Connie stopped at once, and Eddy was got ready, to be sent with Dick, under the charge of the nursemaid, Kitty.

Nurse did not like this arrangement, and Mrs. Scott was rather sorry for her hasty consent when she remembered how thoughtless a girl Kitty was. But she could not disappoint the children now ; so, with many charges to Kitty, they set off.

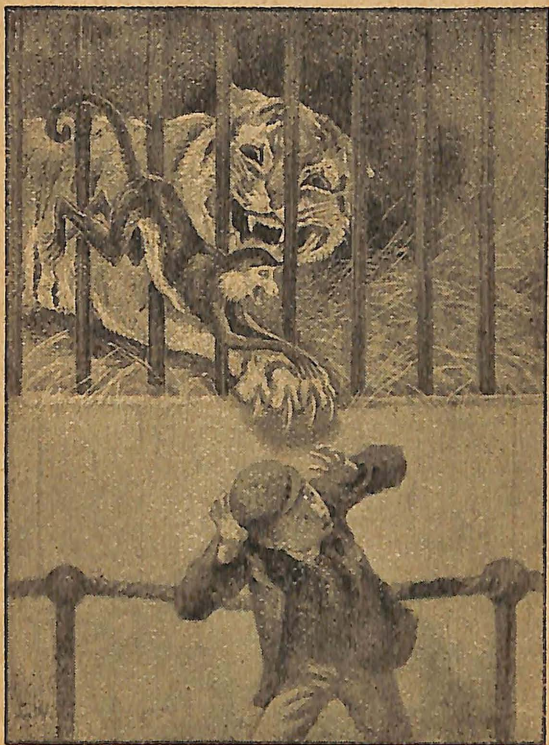
No Bobo was visible when they entered and went down the side where the wild

beast cages stood, stopping opposite the great Bengal tiger.

And now small, trained elephants came out on the other side, and began performances. Dick pulled Kitty by the hand; there was a rush of the crowd, and the space opposite the lions and tigers was left empty, save for one small figure that did not budge. On the rope railing fronting the tiger's cage, Eddy began to perform gymnastics. He balanced himself, then stood steady, hoping that Dick, whom he could just see in front of the crowd opposite the elephants, would look round and admire him. He had forgotten Bobo for the moment.

He never guessed that the terrible tiger behind him was just unsheathing his claws through the bars, preparatory to reaching out his cruel paw for the tempting tit-bit within his reach. One moment and those claws would seize poor little Eddy and draw him in beyond the possibility of rescue.

A woman's terrified scream rings out, causing every head to turn, every glance to be directed back across the arena, towards the recently-deserted cages. The scream came from Kitty, who, missing Eddy at last, had looked round and seen his awful peril. Paralysed with terror, Dick clinging frightened to her hand, she was unable to stir. An inde-



"HE INSTANTLY DROPPED UPON THE OUTSTRETCHED PAW."

—p. 54.

scribable thrill of horror ran through every one, and none of the keepers being present at the moment, there was no one with sufficient presence of mind and courage to institute an immediate attempt to rescue the unfortunate child.

But a rescuer was at hand.

It was a moment of awful suspense. And then, just as the tiger's outstretched paw was about to fall on the unconscious child, there was suddenly heard a great chatter, and Bobo was observed speeding along the tops of the cages. Arriving over that of the tiger, he instantly dropped upon the outstretched paw with such a hideous screech as not only to cause it to be quickly withdrawn, but to send Eddy with a cry of alarm off the rope and out of danger.

He was saved !

A shout of joy and relief burst from the spectators. Kitty flew to Eddy, unable to do anything but cry hysterically and hug him. But Eddy shook her off. He did not know what had happened, but he saw Bobo on the ground apparently dead. The tiger, in its disappointment and fury, had mauled him terribly, and flung him away. Alas, for heroic little Bobo !

The head-man was brought on the scene ; he pronounced Bobo dying, and, indeed, the life seemed to have left him.

Eddy's tears fell like rain. Mr. Barnum was touched; he was very pitiful to the sobbing child, and very gentle to the poor little ape. A slight gasp now and then showed Bobo was not dead yet.

"I tell you what," the head-man said to Eddy, "if there's a man can recover poor Bobo it's myself; and I'll take as much care of him as if he was my own child, for your sake and his own too. He saved your life."

So Eddy had to go.

"Do you think he'll live, sir?" he asked.

"He has got ugly hurts, and if he dies of them it will be soon; but I'll do my best, and if I get him round I'll give him to you, if your parents will let you have him, and that's no small gift, for the story of what he did would fill the tents any day."

When Mrs. Scott heard the story of Eddy's peril she almost fainted. Her little boy so near a cruel death, and saved by a monkey! She felt as if she never could do enough for Bobo.

So it came to pass that Eddy got the wish of his heart. For Bobo did recover, and Mr. Barnum carried him in his own arms to Eddy. And no monkey ever was so cared for and petted.

He was a grave, gentle little thing—never strong after those fearful wounds. His devo-

tion to Eddy was wonderful ; he seemed to consider the boy his peculiar charge, and he was always restless without his young friend.

It was almost pathetic to see the love that could only express itself by looks and acts. It seemed as if Bobo ought to be able to speak, and tell some of the feelings expressed in his wistful eyes.

He lived for some years ; then he grew weak, and still weaker, could less and less bear to lose sight of Eddy, and died at last with his little head on the boy's shoulder.

There was mourning through the house and for Eddy a sorrow for his well-loved pet that he never forgot.

# STANLEY'S REVENGE.

BY FRANCES E. HUNT.

---

"I 'LL have it yet, I will indeed ! I 'll have my revenge on Bob Travers !"

And Stanley's brown eyes blazed with anger, as he burst into his mother's quiet sitting-room.

"Oh, Stanley !" said a gentle voice from the couch near the fire. "Oh, Stanley !" That was all, but the tone in which it was said brought the boy to his mother's side with a quick, impetuous step, and his passion found relief in a storm of tears, as he laid his curly head down on her shoulder.

Mrs. Arnold did not speak for a moment or two. She only stroked the bonnie curls with a loving touch, which seemed to make the tears come faster than ever ; but presently

the sobs grew quieter, and then she said, "Now, tell me all about it, dear."

"Oh, mamma," Stanley said, "you know how fond I was of dear old Terry, and — oh, I can't tell you!"

"Terry!" said Mrs. Arnold, in surprise; "why, what has happened to the good old dog?"

"He's dead, mamma!" cried the little boy, "and Bob Travers killed him."

Mrs. Arnold was greatly shocked. "This is a very serious thing, my boy," she said; "how did it occur?"

Then the painful story was told. Being a holiday, the fine spring day had been spent by Stanley and several schoolmates in a glorious ramble along the beautiful line of cliffs which formed the most striking feature of the pretty sea-side neighbourhood.

"And when we got as far as Red-rock Point," said poor Stanley, "Bob told us he had a dog in London which could leap into the sea after a stick from a height greater than that of the Black Boulders; you know which I mean, mamma. And he wanted me to make Terry jump from that place into the water. I said it was too high, and Terry came and sniffed at the edge, and looked up at us and barked, as if to say, 'I would do it if it were possible!'

"And then he got behind me, and would not go near the cliff-side again. I heard Bob Travers laughing, and saw him whisper to John Davies, and then, before I knew what they were about, Bob picked up Terry, and threw him over.

"And he went down, and oh, he did whine so pitifully, mamma ; and he banged against a rock at the bottom, and then rolled into the sea. He must have been stunned, poor old fellow, for though we got down to the beach as fast as we could, we didn't see any more of him, he must have sunk at once."

"And what did you do, dear?" asked Mrs. Arnold.

"Why, I just walked up to Bob Travers and told him he was a coward, and that I would have my revenge!" said Stanley, clenching his fist.

"Gently, my darling," said his mother, spreading the brown fingers out again as she spoke. "Perhaps poor Terry was able to scramble out before you reached the shore, and is somewhere amongst the rocks," she added hopefully.

Stanley shook his head. "We looked, mamma," he said, "but he wasn't there."

And then the mother spoke long and lovingly to her boy, of One who says, "Vengeance is Mine, I will repay." And

when that quiet talk was over, Stanley whispered, "It's very hard to lose my dog, but I will try to forgive Bob, mamma."

"Stanley," said his mother, a few mornings afterwards, "I want you to walk across to Fairbay, and ask Johnstone to bring some fish to-morrow."

"Very well, mamma," was the listless reply. In truth the boy was looking far from well. The loss of his old companion had "upset him above a bit," as Nurse Fellows expressed it; and it was to try to rouse him a little that Mrs. Arnold had arranged the message to Fairbay.

Stanley's way led for some distance across the fields, just then in the tender green of joyous spring-time. The light wind lifted the brown curls from his forehead, and some saucy little sparrow chirped and twittered almost under his feet.

But he strolled on, thinking sadly of his lost dog. The dog had been his one play-mate, for Stanley's only sister had died when he himself was a baby.

Presently the road turned sharply off to the cliffs, and, after winding along the edge for a mile or more, suddenly swept down a steep ravine to the beach.

This was Stanley's destination, for the tiny village of Fairbay nestled in a kind of natural basin at the foot of the cliffs.



“ME AND MY MATE PICKED HIM UP A SWIMMING OUT  
WITH THE EBB-TIDE.”—p. 63.

And very pretty the place looked, from a distance! But when one got down to the one funny little street, the smell of the fish-curing, by which the villagers earned a livelihood, was more powerful than pleasing.

Perched upon a ledge of rock, from which it overlooked its humbler neighbours, was the tiny white-washed cottage for which Stanley was bound.

The message delivered, he turned, and leaning against the green-painted door, looked gloomily over the sea.

Old Johnstone lived alone, and as he moved stiffly about his queer little room, "putting things ship-shape," as he said, he gave a good many keen, inquiring glances at Stanley's heavy eyes.

"What's come to you, laddie, and where are your bonnie roses gone?" he asked, at length.

And the story was told again, only this time it was accompanied by many a "dear heart!" and "poor beastie!" on Johnstone's part.

Suddenly the old man brought his brown hand down on the table with a thump, as he exclaimed, "Stop a bit, laddie! you come down street with me!" And before the astonished boy could speak, Johnstone had seized his cap, and was swinging down to

the village with Stanley following breathlessly.

He found Johnstone standing among a group of fishermen on the tiny quay to which their boats were moored. "Here!" cried the old man, as Stanley came up, "here's the young gentleman himself. Tell them how you lost your dog, laddie," he said, turning to bewildered Stanley.

"It was on Saturday, just by the Red-rock Point," he said, with his heart beating fast.

A heavy-looking young man turned slowly round. "Was it a brown dog, with a red leather collar?" he asked.

"Oh, yes! That's Terry!" was the joyful reply.

"Then I reckon he's all right," said a man who had not spoken before. "He's yonder, aboard the smack," he added, jerking his thumb in the direction of the sea. "Me and my mate picked him up a swimming out with the ebb-tide. And pretty nigh dead he was, for he'd an ugly cut over the eye; but he's all right now."

Half-an-hour later old Terry and his master were racing joyously home; nor were the friends who had rescued the poor dog forgotten or unrewarded.

One summer evening that same year, a party of schoolboys were bathing merrily

together at Red-rock Point. Suddenly one of the bathers cried out in terror.

"It's Travers," shouted the boys, in consternation; "he's out of his depth!"

Yes, it was Travers; and his screams grew fainter as he drifted farther from the beach.

But what is that shout? "Good dog! good Terry! Fetch him out, old fellow!"

And the noble animal plunged into the sea, and swam bravely out to save the boy who had been so cruel to him at this very place. It was a hard pull, but Terry struggled bravely, and when he had dragged the half-unconscious Travers into shallower water the boys crowded round and relieved him of his burden.

"And, oh, mamma," said Stanley that evening, as he sat on the hearth-rug before the fire which had been lighted to help Terry dry his coat, "Terry and I have had our revenge to-day!"

And Mrs. Arnold smiled.

THE END.

---

S. W. PARTRIDGE & CO.'S  
CATALOGUE  
... OF ...  
POPULAR ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.

Classified according to price.

---

6 & 8, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.

---

## 6s. each.

*Large Crown 8vo. Cloth Boards, gilt top.*

Adam Argham. By Mrs. S. R. Graham Clark. 430 pages.

A Wife Worth Winning. By C. E. C. Weigall. 344 pages.  
Twelve Illustrations.

The Letter Killeth. By A. C. Inchbold. 310 pages.

Japan: From the Old to the New. By R. G. Webster, LL.B.,  
J.P. With 16 Illustrations on art paper. Demy 8vo.

## 5s. each.

*"Empire" Library.**Demy 8vo. 432 pages. Illustrations in Colour. Handsomely bound in  
Cloth Boards, Olive Edges.*

The Boy Bondsman; or, Under the Lash. By Kent Carr.

In the Mahdi's Grasp. By Geo. Manville Fenn.

"Not Out!" A Public-School Story. By Kent Carr.

Playing the Game! A Story of School Life. By the same  
Author.Steve Young; or, The Voyage of the "Hvalross" to the Icy  
Seas. By Geo. Manville Fenn.Trapper Dan. A Story of the Backwoods. By Geo. Manville  
Fenn.

A Lady of Mettle. By Dorothea Moore.

A Wilful Maid. By Evelyn Everett-Green.

To Win or to Die: A Tale of the Klondyke Gold Craze. By  
Geo. Manville Fenn. Large 8vo. Fully Illustrated. Cloth boards,  
gilt edges.Cap'n Nat's Treasure: A Tale of Old Liverpool. By Robert  
Leighton. Eight Illustrations. Large 8vo. Cloth, gilt edges.Cuthbert Hartington: A Tale of Two Sieges. By G. A. Henty.  
Large 8vo Six Illustrations. Cloth boards, gilt edges.The Two Babylons; or, the Papal Worship proved to be the  
Worship of Nimrod and his Wife With 61 Illustrations from  
Nineveh, Babylon, Egypt, Pompeii, etc. By the late Alexander  
Hislop. Demy 8vo. Cloth extra.

## New 5s. Library.

*Demy 8vo. Of special bulk. Well Illustrated. Bound in Handsome Cloth Boards with full gilt Edges. 5/- each.*

The Strait Gate. By Annie S. Swan.

Mark Desborough's Vow. By the same Author.

The Better Part. By the same Author.

The Three-Cornered House. By Evelyn Everett-Green.

Vashti Savage. By Sarah Tytler.

Cuthbert Hartington: A Tale of Two Sieges. By Geo. A. Henty.

The Lady of the Forest. By L. T. Meade.

True unto Death: A Story of Russian Life. By E. F. Pollard.

## 3s. 6d. each.

*Large Crown 8vo. Illustrated. Cloth Boards, with gilt top.*

What Shall it Profit; or, Roden's Choice. By Annie S. Swan.

The Girls Next Door. By Christina Gowans Whyte.

The Boys' Book of Chivalry. By Hammond Hall.

The Boys' Book of the Navy. By Cuthbert Hadden.

Through Surging Waters. By Harry Davies.

A Girl's Stronghold. By E. F. Pollard.

The Boy's Book of the Sea. By W. H. Simmonds.

Runners of Contraband. A Story of Russian Tyranny. By Tom Bevan.

An Earl without an Earldom. By Scott Graham.

Done and Dared in Old France. By Deborah Alcock.

A Strong Man's Love. By David Lyall. Twelve Illustrations.

Just Percy. A Tale of Dicton School. By H. S. Whiting.

More than Money. By A. St. John Adcock. Twelve Illustrations.

The Three-Cornered House. By Evelyn Everett-Green.

Casque and Cowl: A Tale of the French Reformation. By F. M. Cotton Walker.

Pilgrims of the Night. By Sarah Doudney.

The Story of the Bible. Arranged in Simple Style for Young People. *New Edition*. Demy 8vo. 620 pages. Eight beautiful pictures in colours, and more than 100 other illustrations. Cloth extra, 3s. 6d. Gilt edges, bevelled boards, 4s. 6d.

## 3s. 6d. each (continued).

The Pilgrim's Progress. By John Bunyan. Illustrated with 55 full-page and other Engravings. Crown 4to. Cloth extra, 3s. 6d. Gilt edges, 5s. Padded Watered Silk, 6s. 6d.

Partridge's Children's Annual.

CONDUCTED BY THE EDITOR OF "THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND."

A handsome and attractive production, with cover printed in 10 Colours and Varnished, 12 Full-page Pictures in Colour, and every page containing artistic coloured Illustrations. Short Stories by all the well-known writers. Paper Boards, Cloth Back, 3s. 6d.

## 2s. 6d. each.

"Girls' Imperial Library."

By Popular Authors. Large Crown 8vo. 330 pages. Six Illustrations printed in photo brown. Handsomely bound in Cloth Boards.

(Books marked with an asterisk are also bound with Gilt edges, 3s. each.)

A Daughter of the West: or, Ruth Gwynnett, Schoolmistress.  
By Morice Gerard.

The Lucas Girls; or, "The Man of the Family." By Dorothea Moore.

The Probationer. By A. M. Irvine.

Margot's Secret; or, The Fourth Form at Victoria College.  
By Florence Bone.

Far Above Rubies. By C. E. C. Weigall, Author of "A Wife Worth Winning."

Old Readymoney's Daughter. By L. T. Meade.

\*A Girl of the Fourth. A Story for School Girls. By A. M. Irvine.

\*Her Little Kingdom. By Laura A. Barter-Snow.

\*Evan Grayle's Daughters. By Isabel Stuart Robson, Author of "The Fortunes of Eight," etc.

\*The Lady of the Forest. By L. T. Meade.

\*Cliff House. A Story for School Girls. By A. M. Irvine.

The Ways of a Girl; or, The Story of One Year. By M. F. Hutchinson.

Those Berkeley Girls. By Lillias Campbell Davidson.

\*The Heart of Una Sackville. By Mrs. George de Horne Valzey.

\*Carol Carew; or, An Act of Imprudence. By Evelyn Everett-Green, Author of "The Three-Cornered House," etc.

2s. 6d. each *(continued)*.

"GIRLS' IMPERIAL LIBRARY" *(continued)*.

- Gladys's Repentance ; or, Two Girls and a Fortune. By Edith C. Kenyon.
- Ursula ; or, A Candidate for the Ministry. By Laura A. Barter-Snow.
- Uncle Joshua's Heiress ; or, Which shall it be? By Lillias Campbell Davidson.
- \*Molly : The Story of a Wayward Girl. By Harriet E. Colville.
- Love's Golden Thread. By Edith C. Kenyon.
- A Golden Dawn ; or, The Heiress of St. Quentin. By Dorothea Moore.
- The Fortunes of Eight ; or, The House in Harford Placé. By Isabel Stuart Robson.
- The Little Missis. By Charlotte Skinner.
- A Girl's Battle. By Lillias Campbell Davidson.
- \*A Girl in a Thousand. By Edith C. Kenyon.
- Monica's Choice. By Flora E. Berry.

The "True Grit" Series.

*Large Crown 8vo. 320 pages. Fully Illustrated. Handsomely Bound in Cloth Boards.*

(Books marked with an asterisk are also bound with Gilt edges, 3s. each.)

- The Secret Men. By Tom Bevan.
- The Boy's Life of Greatheart Lincoln. By W. Francis Aitken.
- Dick Dale, The Colonial Scout. By Tom Bevan.
- Heroes of the Animal World : True Stories of the Intelligence of Animals and Birds. By Jennie Chappell.
- By Summer Seas and Flowery Fields. By T. Carreras.
- Nature in all her beauty and fascination is depicted here by word-pictures and charming illustrations.
- Dead Man's Land ; or, The Adventures of Certain and Uncertain Whites and Blacks at Zimbambangwe, the Ancient Home of Gold. By Geo. Manville Fenn.
- Jungle and Stream ; or, The Adventures of Two Boys in Siam. By Geo. Manville Fenn.
- \*"Sandfly" ; or, In the Indian Days. By F. B. Forester.
- \*The Master of the Rebel First. A Story of School Life. By J. Howard Brown.

2s. 6d. each *(continued)*.THE "TRUE GRIT" SERIES *(continued)*.

- A Hero King : A Story of the Days of King Alfred. By E. F. Pollard.
- Stirring Sea Fights. A Book for British Boys. By J. Cuthbert Hadden.
- Sappers and Miners ; or, The Flood Beneath the Sea. By Geo. Manville Fenn.
- \*In Honour's Cause. By Geo. Manville Fenn.
- The Hidden City : A Story of Central America. By Walter C. Rhoades.
- The Lion of Wessex ; or, How Saxon Fought Dane. By Tom Bevan.
- The Scarlet Judges. A Tale of the Inquisition in the Netherlands. By Eliza F. Pollard.
- By Seashore, Wood and Moorland. By Edward Step, F.L.S., Author of " Wayside Flowers," etc.
- \*Rob Harlow's Adventures : A Story of the Grand Chaco. By George Manville Fenn.
- A Boy of the First Empire. By Elbridge S. Brooks.
- Smoking Flax. By Silas K. Hocking. Twelve Illustrations.
- \*Nature Walks and Talks. By T. Carreras. Large crown 8vo. Many Illustrations. Cloth boards.
- The Boy's Life of Nelson. By J. Cuthbert Hadden. Large Crown 8vo. 300 pages. Beautiful coloured frontispiece, and eight illustrations on art paper.
- In the Misty Seas. A Story of the Sealers of Behring Strait. By Harold Bindloss.
- Two Barchester Boys. A Tale of Adventure in the Malay States. By K. M. Eady.
- \*True Grit : A Story of Adventure in West Africa. By Harold Bindloss. Six Illustrations.
- The Yellow Shield ; or, A Captive in the Zulu Camp. By William Johnston. Six Illustrations.
- \*Cormorant Crag : A Tale of the Smuggling Days. By G. Manville Fenn. Eight Illustrations by W. Rainey, R.I.
- The Parting of the Ways. By J. L. Hornibrook.
- The Crystal Hunters : A Boy's Adventure in the Higher Alps. By G. Manville Fenn.
- First in the Field. A Story of New South Wales. By G. Manville Fenn. 416 pages.
- From School to Castle. Illustrated. Large Crown 8vo. By Charlotte Murray.

2s. 6d. each *(continued)*.

- The Adventures of a Dodo. By G. E. Farrow. With 37 Illustrations by Willie Pogany. Cloth gilt.
- Come, Break your Fast: Daily Meditations for a Year. By Rev. Mark Guy Pearse. Large Crown 8vo. 554 pages. With Portrait. Cloth boards.
- Eric Strong: Not Forgetting his Sisters. Bright and Original Talks to Boys and Girls. By Rev. Thos. Phillips, B.A., of Bloomsbury Central Church, London. With autograph portrait.
- The Earnest Life. By Silas K. Hocking. Crown 8vo. 192 pages. With portrait and autograph. Cloth boards.
- A Young Man's Mind. By J. A. Hammerton. Crown 8vo. Cloth extra, gilt top.
- The Romance of the Bible. The Marvellous History of the British and Foreign Bible Society. By Charles F. Bateman. Crown and Empire: A Popular Account of the Lives, Public and Domestic, of Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra. By Alfred E. Knight. Large Crown 8vo. 336 pages. Cloth boards.
- Our Rulers from William the Conqueror to Edward VII. By J. Alexander. Foolscap 4to. Cloth gilt.
- The Great Siberian Railway: What I saw on my Journey. By Dr. F. E. Clark. Crown 8vo. 213 pages. Sixty-five first-class Illustrations on art paper, and a Map. Handsomely bound.
- Chaplains at the Front. Incidents in the Life of a Chaplain during the Boer War, 1899-1900. By Owen Spencer Watkins.
- James Flanagan: The Story of a Remarkable Career. By Dennis Crane. Fully Illustrated. Cloth boards. 2s. 6d. net.

*Ferrar Fenton's Translations of the Holy Scriptures  
in Modern English.*

*Cloth, 2s. 6d. each net. Paste Grain, 3s. 6d. each net.*

- Vol. I.—The Five Books of Moses.
- Vol. II.—The History of Israel.
- Vol. III.—The Books of the Prophets.
- Vol. IV.—The Psalms, Solomon, and Sacred Writers.
- Vol. V.—The New Testament.
- The Complete Bible in Modern English, Incorporating the above five volumes. Cloth extra, gilt top. 10s. net.

## 2s. 6d. each (continued).

- My Bible Picture Book. Contains 16 full-page coloured and many other Illustrations. With descriptive stories from the Old and New Testaments. Size 11 by 8 inches. In bright cloth binding.
- Following Jesus : A Bible Picture Book for the Young. Size, 13½ by 10 inches. Contains 12 beautifully coloured Old and New Testament Scenes, with appropriate letterpress by D.J.D.
- Brought to Jesus: A Bible Picture Book for Little Readers. Contains 12 New Testament Scenes, printed in colours. Size, 13½ by 10 inches. Handsome coloured boards.
- Bible Pictures and Stories : Old and New Testament. In one Volume. Bound in cloth boards, with 89 full-page Illustrations.
- Potters : their Arts and Crafts. Historical, Biographical, and Descriptive. By John C. Sparks and Walter Gandy. Crown 8vo. Copiously Illustrated. Cloth extra.
- The Story of Jesus. For Little Children. By Mrs. G. E. Morton. Large 8vo. 340 pages. Eight pictures in best style of colour-work, and many other Illustrations. Handsomely bound in cloth boards.
- Victoria : Her Life and Reign. By Alfred E. Knight. Crown 8vo. 384 pages. Cloth extra, 2s. 6d. ; cloth, gilt edges, 3s. 6d.

## 2s. each.

The Home Library.

*Crown 8vo. 320 pages. Handsome Cloth Covers. Fully Illustrated.*

(Books marked with an asterisk are also bound with Gilt edges, 2s. 6d. each.)

- Agnes Dewsbury. By Laura A. Barter-Snow.
- A Lady of High Degree. By Jennie Chappell. X
- Pepper & Co. A Story for Boys and Girls. By Esther E. Enock.
- Comrades Three! A Story of the Canadian Prairies. By Argyll Saxby.
- The Fighting Lads of Devon ; or, In the Days of the Armada. By Wm. Murray Graydon.
- The Two Henriettas. By Emma Marshall.
- Old Wenyon's Will. By John Ackworth.
- \*A Little Bundle of Mischief. By Grace Carlton.
- \*By Creek and Jungle : Three Chums in the Wilds of Borneo. By John K. Leys.
- \*A Gentleman of England : A Story of the Days of Sir Philip Sidney. By E. F. Pollard.
- \*Dorothy ; or, The Coombehurst Nightingale. By E. M. Alford.
- \*Three Chums ; or, The Little Blue Heart. By E. M. Stooke.

2s. each (*continued*).THE HOME LIBRARY (*continued*).

- 'Neath April Skies ; or, Hope amid the Shadows. By Jennie Chappell.
- Under the Roman Eagles. By Amyot Sagon.
- \*Helena's Dower; or, A Troublesome Ward. By Eglanton Thorne.
- \*True unto Death ; A Story of Russian Life. By E. F. Pollard.
- By Bitter Experience : A Story of the Evils of Gambling. By Scott Graham.
- Love Conquereth ; or, The Mysterious Trespasser. By Charlotte Murray.
- White Ivory and Black, and other Stories of Adventure by Sea and Land. By Tom Bevan, E. Harcourt Burrage, and John Higginson.
- \*The Adventures of Don Lavington ; or, In the Days of the Press Gang. By G. Manville Fenn.
- \*Roger the Ranger : A Story of Border Life among the Indians. By E. F. Pollard.
- Brave Brothers ; or, Young Sons of Providence. By E. M. Stooke.
- \*The Moat House ; or, Celia's Deceptions. By Eleanora H. Stooke.
- \*The White Dove of Amritsir : A Romance of Anglo-Indian Life. By E. F. Pollard.
- Edwin, the Boy Outlaw ; or, The Dawn of Freedom in England. A Story of the Days of Robin Hood. By J. Frederick Hodgetts.
- Neta Lyall. By Flora E. Berry, Author of "In Small Corners," etc. Six Illustrations.
- The Better Part. By Annie S. Swan.
- John : A Tale of the Messiah. By K. Pearson Woods.
- Leaders into Unknown Lands. By A. Montefiore-Brice, F.G.S.
- Lights and Shadows of Forster Square. By Rev. E. H. Sugden, M.A.
- The Martyr of Kolin ; A Story of the Bohemian Persecution. By H. O. Ward.
- Morning Dew-Drops : A Temperance Text Book. By Clara Lucas Balfour.
- Mark Desborough's Vow. By Annie S. Swan.
- My Dogs in the Northland. By Egerton R. Young. 288 pages.
- The Strait Gate. By Annie S. Swan.
- Under the Sirdar's Flag. By William Johnston.
- Alfred the Great : The Father of the English. By Jesse Page.

2s. each (continued).

*Library of Standard Works by Famous Authors.*

*Crown 8vo. Bound in Handsome Cloth Boards. Well Illustrated.*

(Books marked with an asterisk are also bound with Gilt edges, 2s. 6d. each).

Harold : The Last of the Saxon Kings. By Bulwer Lytton.

Mrs. Overthway's Remembrances. By Juliana Horatia Ewing.

Eric : or, Little by Little. By F. W. Farrar.

The Fairy Book : Fairy Stories Retold Anew. By Mrs. Craik,  
Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

Adam Bede. By George Eliot.

The Schonberg-Cotta Family. By Mrs. Rundle Charles.

Reminiscences of a Highland Parish. By Norman Macleod.

From Log Cabin to White House ; The Story of President Garfield. By W. M. Thayer.

The Children of the New Forest. By Captain Marryat.

The Starling. By Norman Macleod.

\*Hereward the Wake. By Charles Kingsley.

The Heroes. By Charles Kingsley.

The Channings. By Mrs. Henry Wood.

Ministering Children. By M. L. Charlesworth.

Ministering Children : A Sequel. By the same Author.

The Water Babies. A Fairy Tale for a Land Baby. By Charles Kingsley.

\*Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales.

The Old Lieutenant and His Son. By Norman Macleod.

Coral Island. By R. M. Ballantyne.

Nettie's Mission. By Alice Gray.

Home Influence : A Tale for Mothers. By Grace Aguilar.

The Gorilla Hunters. By R. M. Ballantyne.

\*What Katy Did. By Susan Coolidge.

Peter the Whaler. By W. H. G. Kingston.

Melbourne House. By Susan Warner.

\*The Lamplighter. By Miss Cummins.

\*Grimm's Fairy Tales.

The Swiss Family Robinson : Adventures on a Desert Island.

\*Tom Brown's Schooldays. By an Old Boy.

\*Little Women and Good Wives. By Louisa M. Alcott.

The Wide, Wide World. By Susan Warner.

## 2s. each (continued).

## LIBRARY OF STANDARD WORKS BY FAMOUS AUTHORS (contd.)

- Danesbury House. By Mrs. Henry Wood.  
 Stepping Heavenward. By E. Prentiss.  
 John Halifax, Gentleman. By Mrs. Craik.  
 \*Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe. By Daniel Defoe.  
 Naomi; or, The Last Days of Jerusalem. By Mrs. Webb.  
 The Pilgrim's Progress. By John Bunyan.  
 Uncle Tom's Cabin. By Harriet Beecher Stowe.  
 Westward Ho! By Charles Kingsley.

"Great Deeds" Series.

*Large Crown 8vo. 320 pages. Full of Illustrations. Handsomely bound in Cloth Boards. 2s. each. (Also with Gilt edges, 2s. 6d. each.)*

- Heroes of the Darkness. By J. Bernard Mannix.  
 Stories of Self-Help. By John Alexander.  
 Famous Boys: A Book of Brave Endeavour. By C. D. Michael.  
 Noble Workers: Sketches of the Life and Work of Nine Noble Women. By Jennie Chappell.  
 Heroes of our Empire: Gordon, Clive, Warren Hastings, Havelock and Lawrence.  
 Heroes who have Won their Crown: David Livingstone and John Williams.  
 Great Works by Great Men. By F. M. Holmes.  
 Brave Deeds for British Boys. By C. D. Michael.  
 Two Great Explorers: The Lives of Fridtjof Nansen, and Sir Henry M. Stanley.  
 Heroes of the Land and Sea: Firemen and their Exploits, and the Lifeboat.  
 Bunyan's Folk of To-day; or, The Modern Pilgrim's Progress. By Rev J. Reid Howatt. Twenty Illustrations. Crown 8vo. Cloth extra.  
 Bible Light for Little Pilgrims. A Coloured Scripture Picture Roll. Contains 12 beautifully coloured Old and New Testament Scenes, with appropriate texts. Mounted on Roller for Hanging.  
 Bible Picture Roll. Contains a large Engraving of a Scripture Subject, with letterpress for each day in the month. Mounted on Roller for hanging.  
 Love, Courtship, and Marriage. By Rev. F. B. Meyer, B.A. Crown 8vo. 152 pages. Embellished cloth cover, 2s. net. Full gilt edges, 2s. 6d. net.

1s. 6d. each.

*The Up-to-Date Library*

*Of Thick Crown 8vo. Volumes. 320 pages. Many Illustrations.  
Cloth Boards.*

(Books marked with an asterisk are also bound with gilt edges, 2s. each.)

One of the Tenth. A Tale of the Royal Hussars. By William Johnston.

Wardlaugh; or, Workers Together. By Charlotte Murray.

A Desert Scout: A Tale of Arabi's Revolt. By Wm. Johnston.

The Red Mountain of Alaska. By Willis Boyd Allen.

Coral: A Sea Waif and Her Friends. By Charlotte Murray.

The Scuttling of the "Kingfisher." By Alfred E. Knight.

Robert Aske: A Story of the Reformation. By E. F. Pollard.

The Lion City of Africa. By Willis Boyd Allen.

The Spanish Maiden: A Story of Brazil. By Emma E. Hornbrook.

\*The Boy from Cuba. A School Story. By Walter Rhoades.

Through Grey to Gold. By Charlotte Murray.

The Wreck of the Providence. By E. F. Pollard.

\*Dorothy's Training. By Jennie Chappell.

Manco, the Peruvian Chief. By W. H. G. Kingston.

\*Muriel Malone; or, From Door to Door. By Charlotte Murray.

A Polar Eden. By Charles R. Kenyon.

Her Saddest Blessing. By Jennie Chappell.

\*Ailsa's Reaping; or, Grape Vines and Thorns. By Jennie Chappell.

A Trio of Cousins: A Story of English Life in 1791. By Mrs. G. E. Morton.

Mick Tracy, the Irish Scripture Reader.

Grace Ashleigh. By Mary R. D. Boyd.

Without a Thought; or Dora's Discipline. By Jennie Chappell.

Edith Oswald; or, Living for Others. By Jane M. Kippen.

A Bunch of Cherries. By J. W. Kirton.

A Village Story. By Mrs. G. E. Morton.

## 1s. 6d. each (continued).

THE UP-TO-DATE LIBRARY (continued).

- \*The Eagle Cliff. By R. M. Ballantyne.  
 More Precious than Gold. By Jennie Chappell.  
 The Slave Raiders of Zanzibar. By E. Harcourt Burrage.  
 \*Avice. A Story of Imperial Rome. By E. F. Poilard.  
 The King's Daughter. By "Pansy."  
 The Foster Brothers; or, Foreshadowed. By Mrs. Morton.  
 The Household Angel. By Madeline Leslie.  
 A Way in the Wilderness. By Maggie Swan.  
 Miss Elizabeth's Niece. By M. S. Haycroft.  
 The Man of the House. By "Pansy."  
 Olive Chauncey's Trust: A Story of Life's Turning Points.  
 By Mrs. E. R. Pitman.  
 Whither Bound? A Story of Two Lost Boys. By Owen Lander.  
 Three People. By "Pansy."  
 Chrissy's Endeavour. By "Pansy."  
 \*The Young Moose Hunters. By C. A. Stephens.  
 Eaglehurst Towers. By Emma Marshall.

- Uncle Mac, the Missionary. By Jean Perry. Six Illustrations  
 by Wal. Paget on art paper. Cloth boards.  
 Chilgoopie the Glad: A Story of Korea and her Children. By  
 Jean Perry. Eight Illustrations on art paper. Cloth boards.  
 The Man in Grey; or, More about Korea. By Jean Perry.  
 More Nails for Busy Workers. By C. Edwards. Crown 8vo.  
 196 pages. Cloth boards.  
 Queen Alexandra: the Nation's Pride. By Mrs. C. N.  
 Williamson. Crown 8vo. Tastefully bound. 1s. 6d. net.  
 King and Emperor: The Life-History of Edward VII. By  
 Arthur Mee. Crown 8vo. Cloth boards. 1s. 6d. net.  
 William McKinley: Private and President. By Thos. Cox  
 Meech. Crown 8vo. 160 pages, with Portrait. 1s. 6d. net.  
 Studies of the Man Christ Jesus. His Character, His Spirit,  
 Himself. By R. E. Speer. Cloth, Gilt top. 1s. 6d. net.  
 Studies of the Man Paul. By Robert E. Speer. Long 8vo.  
 304 pages. Cloth gilt. 1s. 6d. net.  
 Wellington: the Record of a Great Military Career. By A. E.  
 Knight. Crown 8vo. Cloth gilt, with Portrait. 1s. 6d. net.

1s. 6d. each (continued).

The British Boys' Library.

*Fully Illustrated. Crown 8vo. 168 pages. Cloth extra.*

- The King's Scouts. By William R. A. Wilson.
- General John : A Story for Boy Scouts. By Evelyn Everett-Green.
- Dick's Daring ; or, The Secret of Toulon. By A. H. Biggs.
- Through Flame and Flood. Stories of Heroism on Land and Sea. By C. D. Michael.
- Never Beaten ! A Story of a Boy's Adventures in Canada. By E. Harcourt Burrage, Author of " Gerard Mastyn," etc.
- Noble Deeds : Stories of Peril and Heroism. Edited by C. D. Michael.
- Armour Bright. The Story of a Boy's Battles. By Lucy Taylor.
- The Adventures of Ji. By G. E. Farrow, Author of "The Wallypug of Why."
- Missionary Heroes : Stories of Heroism on the Missionary Field. By C. D. Michael.
- Brown A1 ; or, A Stolen Holiday. By E. M. Stooke.
- The Pigeons' Cave : A Story of Great Orme's Head in 1806. By J. S. Fletcher.
- Robin the Rebel. By H. Louisa Bedford.
- Success : Chats about Boys who have Won it. By C. D. Michael.
- Well Done ! Stories of Brave Endeavour. Edited by C. D. Michael.

1s. 6d. each (continued).

*The British Girls' Library.*

*Fully Illustrated. Crown 8vo. 160 pages. Cloth extra.*

Alison's Quest; or, The Mysterious Treasure. By Florence E. Bone.

A Mysterious Voyage; or, The Adventures of a Dodo. By G. E. Farrow.

Little Gladwise. The Story of a Waif. By Nellie Cornwall.

A Family of Nine! By E. C. Phillips.

Alice and the White Rabbit: Their Trips Round about London. By Brenda Girvin.

The Tender Light of Home. By Florence Wilmot.

Friendless Felicia: or, A Little City Sparrow. By Eleanora H. Stooke.

Keziah in Search of a Friend. By Noel Hope.

Rosa's Mistake; or, The Chord of Self. By Mary Bradford-Whiting.

The Mystery Baby; or, Patsy at Fellside. By Alice M. Page.

Zillah, the Little Dancing Girl. By Mrs. Hugh St. Leger.

Salome's Burden; or, The Shadow on the Home. By Eleanora H. Stooke.

Heroines: True Tales of Brave Women. By C. D. Michael.

Granny's Girls. By M. B. Manwell.

The Gipsy Queen. By Emma Leslie.

Queen of the Isles. By Jessie M. E. Saxby.

*Picture Books.*

Size, 10½ × 8 inches. With 6 charming coloured plates, and beautifully printed in colours throughout. For bulk and quality these books are exceptional. Handsome coloured covers, with cloth backs. 1s. 6d. each.

Follow my Leader!

Once upon a Time!

1s. 6d. each (continued).

"The World's Wonders" Series.

Crown 8vo. 160 pages. Copiously Illustrated. Handsome Cloth Covers.

The Conquest of the Air: The Romance of Aerial Navigation.  
By John Alexander.

Surgeons and their Wonderful Discoveries. By F. M. Holmes.

The Life-Boat: Its History and Heroes. By F. M. Holmes.

The Romance of the Savings Banks. By Archibald G. Bowie.

The Romance of Glass Making. A Sketch of the History of Ornamental Glass. By W. Gandy.

The Romance of the Post Office: Its Inception and Wondrous Development. By Archibald G. Bowie.

Marvels of Metals. By F. M. Holmes.

Triumphs of the Printing Press. By Walter Jerrold.

Electricians and their Marvels. By Walter Jerrold.

Popular Missionary Biographies.

Large Crown 8vo. 160 pages. Cloth extra. Fully Illustrated

John Selwyn: The Pioneer Bishop of New Zealand. By Frank W. Boreham.

James Hannington: Bishop and Martyr. By C. D. Michael.

Two Lady Missionaries in Tibet: Miss Annie R. Taylor and Dr. Susie Rijnhart Moyes. By Isabel S. Robson.

Dr. Laws of Livingstonia. By Rev. J. Johnston.

Grenfell of Labrador. By Rev. J. Johnston.

1s. 6d. each *(continued)*.

POPULAR MISSIONARY BIOGRAPHIES *(continued)*.

Johan G. Oncken : His Life and Work. By Rev. J. Hunt Cooke.

James Chalmers, Missionary and Explorer of Rarotonga and New Guinea. By William Robson.

Griffith John, Founder of the Hankow Mission, Central China. By William Robson.

Robert Morrison : The Pioneer of Chinese Missions. By William J. Townsend.

Captain Allen Gardiner : Sailor and Saint. By Jesse Page.

The Congo for Christ : The Story of the Congo Mission. By Rev. J. B. Myers.

David Brainerd, the Apostle to the North-American Indians. By Jesse Page, F.R.G.S.

David Livingstone. By Arthur Montefiore-Brice.

John Williams : The Martyr Missionary of Polynesia. By Rev. James Ellis.

Lady Missionaries in Foreign Lands. By Mrs. E. R. Pitman.

Missionary Heroines in Eastern Lands. By Mrs. E. R. Pitman.

Robert Moffat : The Missionary Hero of Kuruman. By David J. Deane.

Samuel Crowther : The Slave Boy who became Bishop of the Niger. By Jesse Page, F.R.G.S.

William Carey : The Shoemaker who became the Father and Founder of Modern Missions. By Rev. J. B. Myers.

From Kafir Kraal to Pulpit : The Story of Tiyo Soga, First Ordained Preacher of the Kafir Race. By Rev. H. T. Cousins.

Japan : and its People. By Jesse Page, F.R.G.S.

James Calvert ; or, From Dark to Dawn in Fiji. By R. Vernon.

Thomas J. Comber : Missionary Pioneer to the Congo. By Rev. J. B. Myers.

The Christianity of the Continent. By Jesse Page, F.R.G.S.

Missionaries I have Met, and the Work they have Done. By Jesse Page, F.R.G.S.

Bishop Patteson : The Martyr of Melanesia. By same Author.

1s. 6d. each (continued).

Popular Biographies.

*Large Crown 8vo. Cloth Boards. Fully Illustrated.*

John Wesley. By Rev. Arthur Walters.

Women of Worth. Sketches of the Lives of the Queen of Roumania ("Carmen Sylva"), Frances Power Cobbe, Mrs. J. R. Bishop, and Mrs. Bramwell Booth. By Jennie Chappell.

Women who have Worked and Won. The Life Story of Mrs. Spurgeon, Mrs. Booth-Tucker, F. R. Havergal, and Ramabai. By Jennie Chappell.

Noble Work by Noble Women: Sketches of the Lives of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Lady Henry Somerset, Mrs. Sarah Robinson, Mrs. Fawcett, and Mrs. Gladstone. By Jennie Chappell.

Four Noble Women and their Work: Sketches of the Life and Work of Frances Willard, Agnes Weston, Sister Dora, and Catherine Booth. By Jennie Chappell.

Florence Nightingale: The Wounded Soldier's Friend. By Eliza F. Pollard.

Four Heroes of India. Clive, Warren Hastings, Havelock, Lawrence. By F. M. Holmes.

General Gordon: The Christian Soldier and Hero. By G. Barnett Smith.

C. H. Spurgeon: His Life and Ministry. By Jesse Page, F.R.G.S.

Two Noble Lives: John Wicliffe, the Morning Star of the Reformation; and Martin Luther, the Reformer. By David J. Deane. 208 pages.

George Müller: The Modern Apostle of Faith. By Fred G. Warne.

Life-Story of Ira D. Sankey, The Singing Evangelist. By David Williamson.

Great Evangelists, and the Way God has Used Them. By Jesse Page.

John Bright: Apostle of Free Trade. By Jesse Page, F.R.G.S.

The Two Stephensons. By John Alexander.

J. Passmore Edwards: Philanthropist. By E. Harcourt Burrage.

Dwight L. Moody: The Life-work of a Modern Evangelist. By Rev. J. H. Batt.

The Canal Boy who became President. By Frederick T. Gammon.

1s. 6d. each (continued).

POPULAR BIOGRAPHIES (continued).

- Heroes and Heroines of the Scottish Covenanters. By J. Meldrum Dryerre, LL.B., F.R.G.S.
- John Knox and the Scottish Reformation. By G. Barnett Smith.
- Philip Melancthon : The Wittemberg Professor and Theologian of the Reformation. By David J. Deane.
- The Slave and His Champions : Sketches of Granville Sharp, Thomas Clarkson, William Wilberforce, and Sir T. F. Buxton. By C. D. Michael.
- William Tyndale : The Translator of the English Bible. By G. Barnett Smith.
- The Marquess of Salisbury : His Inherited Characteristics, Political Principles, and Personality. By W. F. Aitken.
- Joseph Parker, D.D. : His Life and Ministry. By Albert Dawson.
- Hugh Price Hughes. By Rev. J. Gregory Mantle.
- R. J. Campbell, M.A. ; Minister of the City Temple, London. By Charles T. Bateman.
- Dr. Barnardo : "The Foster-Father of Nobody's Children." By Rev. J. H. Batt.
- W. Robertson Nicoll, LL.D. ; Editor and Preacher. By Jane Stoddart.
- F. B. Meyer : His Life and Work. By Jennie Street.
- John Clifford, M.A., B.Sc., LL.D., D.D. By Chas. T. Bateman.
- Thirty Years in the East End. A Marvellous Story of Mission Work. By W. Francis Aitken.
- Alexander Maclaren, D.D. : The Man and His Message. By Rev. John C. Carlile.
- Lord Milner. By W. B. Luke.
- Lord Rosebery, Imperialist. By J. A. Hammerton.
- Joseph Chamberlain : A Romance of Modern Politics. By Arthur Mee.

## 1s. each.

Letters on the Simple Life. By the Queen of Roumania, Marie Corelli, Madame Sarah Grand, "John Oliver Hobbes," Sir A. Conan Doyle, The Bishop of London, Canon Hensley Henson, Sir J. Crichton Browne, Rev. S. Baring-Gould, Dr. Robertson Nicoll, etc. Crown 8vo. 160 pages. With Autographs of contributors in fac-simile. Imitation Linen, 6d. net. Cloth boards, 1s. net. (Not illustrated).

Golden Words for Every Day. By M. Jennie Street. 1s.

Novelties, and How to Make Them: Hints and Helps in providing occupation for Children's Classes. Compiled by Mildred Duff. Full of Illustrations. Cloth boards, 1s.

In Defence of the Faith: The Old Better than the New. By Rev. F. B. Meyer. Cloth Boards, 1s. net.

Ingatherings: A Dainty Book of Beautiful Thoughts. Compiled by E. Agar. Cloth boards, 1s. net. Paper covers, 6d. net.

The New Cookery of Unproprietary Foods. By Eustace Miles, M.A. 192 pages. 1s. net.

The Child's Book of Health. By W. N. Edwards, F.C.S. 1s. net.

### *Books for Christian Workers.*

*Large Crown 16mo. 128 pages. Chastely bound in Cloth Boards. 1s. each.*

The Home Messages of Jesus. By Charlotte Skinner.

Deeper Yet: Meditations for the Quiet Hour. By Clarence E. Eberman.

The Master's Messages to Women. By Charlotte Skinner.

Royal and Loyal. Thoughts on the Two-fold Aspect of the Christian Life. By Rev. W. H. Griffith-Thomas.

Thoroughness: Talks to Young Men. By Thain Davidson, D.D.

The Overcoming Life. By Rev. E. W. Moore.

Marks of the Master. By Charlotte Skinner.

Some Deeper Things. By Rev. F. B. Meyer.

Steps of the Blessed Life. By Rev. F. B. Meyer.

Daybreak in the Soul. By Rev. E. W. Moore.

The Temptation of Christ. By C. Arnold Healing, M.A.

For Love's Sake. By Charlotte Skinner.

1s. each (continued).

One Shilling Reward Books.*Fully Illustrated. Crown 8vo. Cloth extra.*

Jeffs' Charge : A Story of London Life. By Charles Herbert.

The Making of Ursula. By Dorothea Moore.

Jimmy : The Tale of a Little Black Bear. By May Wynne.

"Tubby"; or, Right about Face. By J. Howard Brown.

Alan's Puzzle ; or, The Bag of Gold. By F. M. Holmes.

Auntie Amy's Bird Book. By A. M. Irvine.

The Ivory Mouse : A Book of Fairy Stories. By Rev. Stanhope E. Ward.

Billy's Hero ; or, The Valley of Gold. A Story of Canadian Adventure. By Marjorie L. C. Pickthall.

The Straight Road. By Marjorie L. C. Pickthall.

One Primrose Day. By Mrs. Hugh St. Leger.

The Reign of Lady Betty. By Kent Carr.

The Whitedown Chums. By Jas. H. Brown.

Sweet Nancy. By L. T. Meade.

Little Chris the Castaway. By F. Spenser.

All Play and No Work. By Harold Avery.

Always Happy ; or, The Story of Helen Keller. By Jennie Chappell.

Cola Monti ; or, The Story of a Genius. By Mrs. Craik.

Harold ; or, Two Died for Me. By Laura A. Barter-Snow.

Indian Life in the Great North-West. By Egerton R. Young.

Jack the Conqueror ; or, Difficulties Overcome. By Mrs. C. E. Bowen.

Lost in the Backwoods. By Edith C. Kenyon.

The Little Woodman and his Dog Cæsar. By Mrs. Sherwood.

Roy's Sister ; or, His Way and Hers. By M. B. Manwell.

George &amp; Co. ; or, The Chorister of St. Anselm's. By Spencer T. Gibb.

Ruth's Roses. By Laura A. Barter-Snow.

Bessie Drew ; or, The Odd Little Girl. By Amy Manifold.

Norman's Oak. By Jennie Chappell.

A Fight for Life, and other Stories. By John R. Newman.

The Fairyland of Nature. By J. Wood Smith.

True Stories of Brave Deeds. By Mabel Bowler.

Gipsy Kit ; or, The Man with the Tattooed Face. By Robert Leighton.

## 1s. each (continued).

## ONE SHILLING REWARD BOOKS (continued).

- Dick's Desertion; A Boy's Adventures in Canadian Forests.  
By Marjorie L. C. Pickthall.
- The Children of the Priory. By J. L. Hornibrook.
- In Paths of Peril. By J. Macdonald Oxley.
- Pets and their Wild Cousins: New and True Stories of  
Animals. By Rev. J. Isabell, F.E.S.
- Other Pets and their Wild Cousins. By Rev. J. Isabell, F.E.S.
- Sunshine and Snow. By Harold Bindloss.
- Donalblane of Darien. By J. Macdonald Oxley.
- Crown Jewels. By Heather Grey.
- Birdie and her Dog, and other Stories of Canine Sagacity. By  
Miss Phillips (Mrs. H. B. Looker).

Partridge's Shilling Library.

*Crown 8vo. 136 pages. Illustrations printed on Art Paper. A Splendid Series of Stories for Adults.*

- For Coronet or Crown? By Grace Pettman.
- Nance Kennedy. By L. T. Meade.
- Robert Musgrave's Adventure: A Story of Old Geneva. By  
Deborah Alcock.
- The Taming of the Rancher: A Story of Western Canada.  
By Argyll Saxby.
- "Noodle": From Barrack Room to Mission Field. By S. E.  
Burrow.
- The Lamp in the Window. By Florence E. Bone.
- Out of the Fog. By Rev. J. Isabell, F.E.S.
- Fern Dacre; A Minster Yard Story. By Ethel Ruth Boddy.
- Through Sorrow and Joy: A Protestant Story. By M. A. R.
- A Brother's Need. By L. S. Mead.

## 1s. each net.

*Crown 8vo. 192 pages. Stiff Paper Covers, 1s. each net. Cloth Boards,  
1s. 6d. each net. (Not Illustrated).*

- Partridge's Temperance Reciter.
- Partridge's Reciter of Sacred and Religious Pieces.
- Partridge's Popular Reciter. Old Favourites and New.
- Partridge's Humorous Reciter.

1s. each (continued).

*Cheap Reprints of Popular Books for the Young.*

Crown 8vo. 160 pages. Illustrated. Cloth Boards, 1s. each.

Jack, the Story of a Scapegrace. By E. M. Bryant.

Patsie's Bricks. By L. S. Mead.

Her Bright To-morrow. By Laura A. Barter-Snow.

A Red Brick Cottage. By Lady Hope.

Dick's Chum. By M. A. Paull.

Mousey; or, Cousin Robert's Treasure. By E. H. Stooke.

Carola's Secret. By Ethel F. Heddle.

The Golden Doors. By M. S. Haycraft.

Marigold's Fancies. By L. E. Tiddeman.

The Thane of the Dean. A Story of the Time of the Conqueror.  
By Tom Bevan.

Nature's Mighty Wonders. By Rev. Richard Newton.

Hubert Ellerdale: A Tale of the Days of Wicliffe. By W.  
Oak Rhind.

Our Phyllis. By M. S. Haycraft.

The Maid of the Storm. A Story of a Cornish Village. By  
Nellie Cornwall.

Philip's Inheritance; or, Into a Far Country. By F. Spenser.

The Lady of the Chine. By M. S. Haycraft.

In the Bonds of Silence. By J. L. Hornibrook.

A String of Pearls. By E. F. Pollard.

Hoyle's Popular Ballads and Recitations. By William Hoyle.

Heroes All! A Book of Brave Deeds. By C. D. Michael.

The Old Red Schoolhouse. By Frances H. Wood.

Christabel's Influence. By J. Goldsmith Cooper.

Deeds of Daring. By C. D. Michael.

Everybody's Friend. By Evelyn Everett-Green.

The Bell Buoy. By F. M. Holmes.

Vic: A Book of Animal Stories. By A. C. Fryer, Ph.D., F.S.A.

In Friendship's Name. By Lydia Phillips.

Nella; or, Not My Own. By Jessie Goldsmith Cooper.

Blossom and Blight. By M. A. Paull.

Aileen. By Laura A. Barter-Snow.

Satisfied. By Catherine Trowbridge.

Ted's Trust. By Jennie Chappell.

A Candle Lighted by the Lord. By Mrs. E. Ross.

Alice Western's Blessing. By Ruth Lamb.

Tamsin Rosewarne and Her Burdens. By Nellie Cornwall.

## 1s. each (continued).

CHEAP REPRINTS OF POPULAR BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

(continued).

Raymond and Bertha. By Lydia Phillips.

Gerald's Dilemma. By Emma Leslie.

Fine Gold; or, Ravenswood Courtenay. By Emma Marshall.

Marigold. By Mrs. L. T. Meade.

Jack's Heroism. By Edith C. Kenyon.

Her Two Sons: A Story for Young Men and Maidens. By Mrs. Charles Garnett.

Rag and Tag. By Mrs. E. J. Whittaker.

The Little Princess of Tower Hill. By L. T. Meade.

Clovie and Madge. By Mrs. G. S. Reaney.

Ellerslie House: A Book for Boys. By Emma Leslie.

Like a Little Candle; or, Bertrand's Influence. By Mrs. Haycraft.

The Dairyman's Daughter. By Legh Richmond.

Bible Jewels. By Rev. Dr. Newton.

Bible Wonders. By the same Author.

The Pilgrim's Progress. By John Bunyan. 416 pages. Eight coloured and 46 other Illustrations.

Our Duty to Animals. By Mrs. C. Bray.

Everyone's Library.

*A re-issue of Standard Works in a cheap form, containing from 320 to 500 pages, printed in the best style; with Illustrations on art paper, and tastefully bound in Cloth Boards. 1s. each.*

Harold: The Last of the Saxon Kings. By Bulwer Lytton.

Mrs. Overthway's Remembrances. By Juliana Horatia Ewing.

Eric: or, Little by Little. By F. W. Farrar.

The Fairy Book: Fairy Stories Retold Anew. By Mrs. Craik, Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

Ben Hur. By Lew Wallace.

Adam Bede. By George Eliot.


The Schonberg-Cotta Family. By Mrs. Rundle Charles.

Reminiscences of a Highland Parish. By Norman Macleod.

The Strait Gate. By Annie S. Swan.

## 1s. each (continued).

EVERYONE'S LIBRARY (continued).

- Mark Desborough's Vow. By Annie S. Swan.  
 From Log Cabin to White House. By W. M. Thayer.  
 The Gorilla Hunters. By R. M. Ballantyne.  
 Naomi; or, The Last Days of Jerusalem. By Mrs. Webb.  
 The Starling. By Norman Macleod.  
 The Children of the New Forest. By Captain Marryat.  
 Danesbury House. By Mrs. Henry Wood.  
 Granny's Wonderful Chair. By Frances Browne.  
 Hereward the Wake. By Charles Kingsley.  
 The Heroes. By Charles Kingsley.  
 Ministering Children. By M. L. Charlesworth.  
 Ministering Children: A Sequel. By the same Author.  
 Peter the Whaler. By W. H. G. Kingston.  
 The Channings. By Mrs. Henry Wood.  
 Melbourne House. By Susan Warner.  
 Alice in Wonderland. By Lewis Carroll.  
 The Lamplighter. By Miss Cummins.  
 What Katy Did. By Susan Coolidge.  
 Stepping Heavenward. By E. Prentiss.  
 Westward Ho! By Charles Kingsley.  
 The Water Babies. By the same Author.  
 The Swiss Family Robinson.  
 Grimm's Fairy Tales. By the Brothers Grimm.  
 The Coral Island. By R. M. Ballantyne.  
 Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales.  
 John Halifax, Gentleman. By Mrs. Crank.  
 Little Women and Good Wives. By Louisa M. Alcott.  
 Tom Brown's Schooldays. By an Old Boy.  
 The Wide, Wide World. By Susan Warner.   
 Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe. By Daniel Defoe.  
 Uncle Tom's Cabin. By H. B. Stowe.  
 The Old Lieutenant and His Son. By Norman Macleod.

1s. each (continued).

*New Series of One Shilling Picture Books.*

*Size 10½ by 8 inches. 96 pages. Coloured Frontispiece and numerous other illustrations. Handsomely bound in Paper Boards, covers printed in 10 colours and varnished.*

Snowflake's Picture Book. By Uncle Maurice.

Daisyland! A Picture Book for Boys and Girls. By Aunt Ruth.

Playmates. By Uncle Maurice.

Frolic and Fun: Pictures and Stories for Everyone. By Aunt Ruth.

My Dollies' A.B.C. By Uncle Jack.

Merry Madcaps! By Aunt Ruth.

By the Silver Sea. By R. V.

Funny Folk in Animal Land. By Uncle Frank.

A Trip to Storyland. By R. V.

Holiday Hours in Animal Land. By Uncle Harry

Animal Antics! By the Author of "In Animal Land with Louis Wain."

Little Snow-Shoes' Picture Book. By R. V.

In Animal Land with Louis Wain.

*Scripture Picture Books.*

Old Testament Heroes. By Mildred Duff.

Feed My Lambs. Fifty-two Bible Stories and Pictures. By the Author of "The Friends of Jesus."

Bible Pictures and Stories: Old Testament. By D.J.D.

Bible Pictures and Stories: New Testament. By James Weston and D.J.D.

The Life of Jesus. By Mildred Duff. 112 pages.

Gentle Jesus,

Jesus the Good Shepherd, } Two Bible Picture Books beautifully printed in colours with descriptive letterpress.

Commendations from all parts of the world have reached Messrs S. W. Partridge & Co. upon the excellence of their Picture Books. The reading matter is high-toned, helpful, and amusing, exactly adapted to the requirements of young folks; while the Illustrations are by first-class artists, and the paper is thick and durable. Bound in attractive coloured covers, they form a unique series.

9d. each.

*Ninepenny Series of Illustrated Books.*

96 pages. Crown 8vo. Illustrated. Handsome Cloth Covers.

Willie's Battles and How He Won Them. By E. M. Kendrew.

Into a Sunlit Harbour. By M. I. Hurrell.

Dick Lionheart. By Mary Rowles Jarvis.

A Regular Handful : or, Ruthie's Charge. By Jennie Chappell.

Little Bunch's Charge ; or, True to Trust. By Nellie Cornwall.

Mina's Sacrifice ; or, The Old Tambourine. By Helen Sawyer.

Our Den. By E. M. Waterworth.

Only a Little Fault ! By Emma Leslie.

Marjory ; or, What would Jesus Do ? By Laura A. Barter-Snow.

The Little Slave Girl. By Eileen Douglas.

Out of the Straight ; or, The Boy who Failed and the Boy  
who Succeeded. By Noel Hope.

Bob and Bob's Baby. By Mary E. Lester.

Grandmother's Child. By Annie S. Swan.

The Little Captain : A Temperance Tale. By Lynde Palmer.

Love's Golden Key. By Mary E. Lester.

Mystery of Marnie. By Jennie Chappell.

Caravan Cruises : Five Children in a Caravan. By Phil Ludlow.

Secrets of the Sea. By Cicely Fulcher.

For Lucy's Sake. By Annie S. Swan.

Giants and How to Fight Them. By Dr. Newton.

How Paul's Penny became a Pound. By Mrs. Bowen.

How Peter's Pound became a Penny. By the same Author.

A Sailor's Lass. By Emma Leslie.

Robin's Golden Deed. By Ruby Lynn.

Dorothy's Trust. By Adela Frances Mount.

His Majesty's Beggars. By Mary E. Ropes.

Polly's Hymn ; or, Travelling Days. By J. S. Woodhouse.

Frank Burleigh : or, Chosen to be a Soldier. By Lydia  
Phillips.

Lost Muriel ; or, A Little Girl's Influence. By C. J. A. Oppermann.

Kibbie &amp; Co. By Jennie Chappell.

Brave Bertie. By Edith C. Kenyon.

Marjorie's Enemy : A Story of the Civil War of 1644. By Mrs.

9d. each *(continued)*.NINEPENNY SERIES OF ILLUSTRATED BOOKS *(continued)*.

- Lady Betty's Twins. By E. M. Waterworth.  
 A Venturesome Voyage. By F. Scarlett Potter.  
 Grannie's Treasures: and how they helped her. By L. E. Tiddeman.  
 Faithful Friends. By C. A. Mercer.  
 Only Roy. By E. M. Waterworth and Jennie Chappell.  
 Aunt Armstrong's Money. By Jennie Chappell.  
 The Babes in the Basket; or, Daph and Her Charge.  
 Birdie's Benefits; or, A Little Child Shall Lead Them. By Ethel Ruth Body.  
 Carol's Gift; or, "What Time I am Afraid I will Trust in Thee." By Jennie Chappell.  
 Cripple George; or, God has a Plan for Every Man. A Temperance Story. By John W. Kneeshaw.  
 Cared For; or, The Orphan Wanderers. By Mrs. C. E. Bowen.  
 A Flight with the Swallows. By Emma Marshall.  
 The Five Cousins. By Emma Leslie.  
 How a Farthing Made a Fortune; or, Honesty is the Best Policy. By Mrs. C. E. Bowen.  
 John Blessington's Enemy: A Story of Life in South Africa. By E. Harcourt Burrage.  
 John Oriel's Start in Life. By Mary Howitt.  
 The Man of the Family. By Jennie Chappell.  
 Mattie's Home; or, The Little Match-girl and her Friends.  
 Phil's Frolic. By F. Scarlett Potter.  
 Paul: A Little Mediator. By Maude M. Butler.  
 Rob and I; or, By Courage and Faith. By C. A. Mercer.  
 Won from the Sea. By E. C. Phillips (Mrs. H. B. Looker).

## 6d. each.

Devotional Classics.

*A New Series of Devotional Books by Standard Authors. Well printed on good paper. Size 6½ by 4½ inches. Beautifully bound in Cloth Boards, 6d. each, net.; Leather, 2s. each, net. (Not illustrated).*

- The Imitation of Christ. By Thomas à Kempis.  
 The Holy War. By John Bunyan.

6d. each (continued).

*New Series of Sixpenny Picture Books.*

*Crown 4to. With Coloured Frontispiece and many other Illustrations.  
Handsomely bound in Paper Boards, with cover printed in ten colours.*

Sunnylock's Picture Book. By Aunt Ruth.

Ring o' Roses. By Uncle Jack.

Two in a Tub! By Aunt Ruth.

Little Tot's A.B.C. By Uncle Jack.

Full of Fun! Pictures and Stories for Everyone. By Uncle Maurice.

Hide and Seek. Stories for Every Day in the Week. By the same Author.

Little Snowdrop's Bible Picture Book.

Sweet Stories Retold. A Bible Picture Book.

Bible Stories.

Stories of Old.

Sunday Stories.

Coming to Jesus.

} Four Bible Picture Books with  
coloured illustrations.

Mother's Sunday A.B.C. A Little Book of Bible Pictures,  
which can be coloured by hand.

*The "Red Dave" Series.*

*New and Enlarged Edition. Handsomely bound in Cloth Boards,  
Well Illustrated.*

ELSIE'S SACRIFICE. By Nora C. Usher.

Timfy Sikes: Gentleman. By Kent Carr.

GREYPAWS: The Astonishing Adventures of a Field Mouse. By Paul Creswick.

THE SQUIRE'S YOUNG FOLK. By Eleanor H. Stooke.

THE CHRISTMAS CHILDREN: A Story of the Marshes. By Dorothea Moore.

THE LITTLE WOODMAN AND HIS Dog Caesar. By Mrs. Sherwood.

BRAVE TOVIAK. By Argyll Saxby.

THE ADVENTURES OF PHYLLIS. By Mabel Bowler.

A PLUCKY CHAP. By Louie Slade.

FARTHING DIPS; or What can I do? By J. S. Woodhouse.

ROY CARPENTER'S LESSON. By Keith Marlow.

GERALD'S GUARDIAN. By Charles Herbert.

WHERE A QUEEN ONCE DWELT. By Jetta Vogel.

BUY YOUR OWN CHERRIES.

LEFT IN CHARGE, and other Stories.

TWO LITTLE GIRLS AND WHAT They did.

THE ISLAND HOME

## 6d. each (continued).

THE "RED DAVE" SERIES (continued.)

CHRISSEY'S TREASURE.  
 DICK AND HIS DONKEY.  
 COME HOME, MOTHER.  
 "ROAST POTATOES!" A Temper-  
 ance Story. By Rev. S. N. Sedg-  
 wick, M.A.  
 RED DAVE : or What Wilt Thou  
 have Me to do?  
 ALMOST LOST. By Amethyst.  
 JEPHTAH'S LASS. By Dorothea  
 Moore.  
 KITTY KING. By Mrs. H. C.  
 Knight.  
 THE DUCK FAMILY ROBINSON.  
 By A. M. T.  
 HIS CAPTAIN. By Constancia  
 Sergeant.  
 "IN A MINUTE!" By Keith Mar-  
 low.  
 UNCLE JO'S OLD COAT. By  
 Eleanora H. Stooke.  
 WILFUL JACK. By M. I. Hurrell.

WILLIE THE WAIF. By Minie  
 Herbert.  
 A LITTLE TOWN MOUSE.  
 PUPPY-DOG TALES.  
 THAT BOY BOB.  
 A THREEFOLD PROMISE.  
 THE FOUR YOUNG MUSICIANS.  
 A SUNDAY TRIP AND WHAT CAME  
 of it. By E. J. Romanes.  
 LITTLE TIM AND HIS PICTURE.  
 By Beatrice Way.  
 THE CONJURER'S WAND. By  
 Henrietta S. Streatfeild.  
 BENJAMIN'S NEW BOY.  
 ENEMIES: a Tale for Little Lads  
 and Lassies.  
 CHERRY TREE PLACE.  
 JOE AND SALLY: or, A Good Deed  
 and its Fruits.  
 LOST IN THE SNOW  
 JESSIE DYSON.

## 4d. each.

The Young Folks' Library

Of Cloth Bound Books. With Coloured Frontispiece. 64 pages.  
 Well Illustrated. Handsome Cloth Covers.

LITTLE JACK THRUSH.  
 A LITTLE BOY'S TOYS.  
 THE PEARLY GATES.  
 THE LITTLE WOODMAN.  
 RONALD'S REASON.  
 A BRIGHT IDEA.

SYBIL AND HER LIVE SNOWBALL.  
 THE CHURCH MOUSE.  
 DANDY JIM.  
 A TROUBLESOME TRIO.  
 PERRY'S PILGRIMAGE.  
 NITA; or, Among the Brigands.

3d. each.

*New "Pretty Gift Book" Series.*

*With Beautiful Coloured Frontispiece, and many other Illustrations  
Paper Boards, Cover printed in eight Colours and Varnished, 3d. each.  
Size, 6 by 5 inches.*

JACK AND JILL'S PICTURE BOOK.  
LADY-BIRD'S PICTURES AND  
Stories.  
PLAYTIME JOYS FOR GIRLS AND  
Boys.  
DOLLY'S PICTURE BOOK.

BY THE SEA.  
TOBY AND KIT'S ANIMAL BOOK.  
"PETS" AND "PICKLES."  
OUR LITTLE PETS' ALPHABET.  
BIBLE STORIES--OLD TESTAMENT.  
BIBLE STORIES--NEW TESTAMENT.

*Paternoster Series of Popular Stories.*

*An entirely New Series of Books, Medium 8vo. in size, 32 pages, fully Illustrated.  
Cover daintily printed in two Colours, 1d. each. Titles as follows:*

'NOODLE!' From Barrack Room  
to Mission Field. By S. E. Burrow.  
TWO LITTLE GIRLS AND WHAT  
they Did. By T. S. Arthur.  
THE LITTLE CAPTAIN. By Lynde  
Palmer.  
TRUE STORIES OF BRAVE DEEDS.  
By Mabel Bowler.  
ALICE IN WONDERLAND.  
THE DAIRYMAN'S DAUGHTER.  
ROBIN'S GOLDEN DEED. By  
Ruby Lynn.  
THE BASKET OF FLOWERS.  
BUY YOUR OWN CHERRIES. By  
John Kirton.  
JENNETT CRAGG: A Story of the  
Time of the Plague. By M. Wright.  
RAB AND HIS FRIENDS. By Dr.  
John Brown.  
THE SCARRED HAND. By Ellen  
Thorneycroft Fowler.  
THE GIPSY QUEEN. By Emma  
Leslie.

A CANDLE LIGHTED BY THE LORD.  
By Mrs. Ross.  
GRANDMOTHER'S CHILD. By  
Annie S. Swan  
THE BABES IN THE BASKET; or,  
Daph and her Charge.  
JENNY'S GERANIUM; or, The  
Prize Flower of a London Court.  
THE LITTLE PRINCESS OF TOWER  
Hill. By L. T. Meade.  
THROUGH SORROW AND JOY. By  
M. A. R.  
THE LITTLE WOODMAN AND HIS  
Dog Caesar. By Mrs. Sherwood.  
CRIPPLE GEORGE. By J. W.  
Kneeshaw.  
ROB AND I. By C. A. Mercer.  
DICK AND HIS DONKEY. By Mrs.  
Bowen.  
THE LIGHT OF THE GOSPEL.

## Partridge's Illustrated Magazines.

"A word of emphatic praise should be given to the old-established and excellent magazines of Messrs. Partridge & Co. They ought to hold their own against the great competition, for they are eminently sound, healthy, and interesting."  
—BRITISH WEEKLY.

"It would be difficult to surpass these magazines. All have marched with the times."—DAILY TELEGRAPH.

"There are no more attractive Annual Volumes than those issued by S. W. Partridge & Co."—THE CHRISTIAN.

**THE BRITISH WORKMAN.** A fully Illustrated Magazine containing popular Stories and Practical Articles on industrial and home life, Biographies of eminent Self-made Men, specially written book reviews, and much information of value to the sons of toil.

id. Monthly.

The Yearly Volume, 144 pages full of Illustrations, coloured paper boards, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s. 6d.

**THE FAMILY FRIEND.** A beautifully Illustrated Magazine for the Home Circle, with Serial and Short Stories by Popular Authors, Helpful Articles and Reviews, expert Hints on Health, Cookery, Needlework, Gardening, etc. Interesting Competitions.

id. Monthly.

The Yearly Volume, in coloured paper boards and cloth back, 1s. 6d. cloth, 2s.; gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

**THE FRIENDLY VISITOR.** A Magazine for the people, full of entertaining reading with sound religious teaching in the form of story, article, and poem. Printed in good type and fully illustrated. Just the paper for "the Quiet Hour."

id. Monthly.

The Yearly Volume, coloured paper boards and cloth back, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s.; gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

**THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND AND PLAY-HOUR COMPANION.** 51st year. A world-wide favourite. Charming School Stories, Tales from History and of Adventure. Beautiful Pictures. Helpful Competitions. "The Play-Hour," an international comradeship for boys and girls, etc.

id. Monthly.

The Yearly Volume, coloured paper boards, with cloth back and excellent coloured frontispiece, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s.; gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

**THE INFANTS' MAGAZINE.** No other periodical can be compared with *The Infants' Magazine* for freshness, brightness, and interest. Full of clever pictures and merry reading to delight and instruct the little ones. Easy Painting and Drawing Competitions.

id. Monthly.

The Yearly Volume, coloured paper boards, with cloth back and beautifully coloured frontispiece, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s.; gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

**THE BAND OF HOPE REVIEW.** The Leading Temperance Periodical for the Young, containing Serial and Short Stories, Concerted Recitations, Prize Competitions, etc. Should be in the hands of all Band of Hope Members.

id. Monthly.

The Yearly Volume, coloured paper boards, 1s.; cloth boards, 1s. 6d.







